THE
Loving Enemy
OR
A famous true HISTORY
Written originally in the French Tongue, by the most incomparable Pen-man of this Age,

J. P. *Camus* B. of *Belley*.

MADE ENGLISH

By Maior *Wright*,

As his Recreation, during his Imprisonment.

---

the Second Edition Revised.

LONDON,
Printed for *Thomas Rooks*, in *Gresham* College, next the stairs, entering upon the *Exchange*, near *Bishopsgate-Street*: who makes and sells the best *Ink for Records*. 1667.

Thos. Jolley Esq. F.S.A.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

To the HONOURABL
And most. Vertuous Lady,
The Lady *Mannock*,
Wife to the Honourable Sir *Fra: Mannock*, Knight and Baronet, of *Giffords* Hall in *Suffolke*.

Madam,

PResuming that the fame of the matchlesse pen of my Renowned Author, will beget a Curious desire in your Ladyship, to employ some of your spare houres in the lecture of any

of his works, I am the more confident to offer at the Altar of your high Perfections, (where there is no lesse Judgment to discerne then goodnesse to excuse and pardon faults) the Translation of this small History the Loving Enemy, *being the fruits of my broken and discontented houres, during my Imprisonment in* Newgate *for the Royall Cause, and the first endeavours of my unskilfull pen. I hope it will more easily finde a gracious acceptance with*

with your Ladyſhip, becauſe it is a Sien taken out of th moſt flouriſhing Orchard the honour of his Nation and glory of our Times, the famous B. of Belley, *which I having ventured to tranſplant and graft upon a Crabſtock in mine owne ill cultivated Nurſery, (though it bring forth many leaves and promiſeth pleaſing fruit) may by malevolent eyes be blaſted in the bud, if not protected and cheriſh't by the favourable aſpect of your Ladyſhips*

Patro-

Patronization, to whose most eminent vertues and no lesse judicious censure I shall ever make my appeale, and with all humility beg an acknowledgment, as being

Madam,

Your Ladyships most humbly devoted Servant.

I: VVright.

Ne parva averſeris, ineſt ſua gratia parvis.

DIſdaine not (Courteous Reader) to caſt thy ſerious View upon this (though) ſmall Epitomie of Virtue, In it thou'lt find patterns incomparable not onely of Valour and Courteſie, but how to moderate thy hate, and where to place thy Love. We meet not every day with the opportunity of making vaſt profits, but no moment paſſeth that affords us not ſome benefit, and if we manage well theſe ſmall œconomies, in time they will amount to treaſures of unſpeakable Riches; Bees ſeek not to freight

themſelves upon the lofty Cedar, or the broad-ſpreading Oake, but of the meaneſt and loweſt flowers compoſe their ſweeteſt and moſt excellent honey. Warres, Battels, the taking of towns and Cittadels, the revolution of States and Empires, are alwaies preſaged by ſome prodigious Comet, great Conjunctions or Eclipſes; and there are writers enough that will employ their wits and pens to deſcribe ſuch high and notable tranſactions, like birds, rejoycing to ſpread their unconfined wings in a large free ayre, or fiſhes that delight to ſport and tipple in the deepeſt Waters; But few there are that will beſtow the paines to pick and gather up the golden ſand that's found upon the banks of, but, ſome Rivers, every one being ambitious to dig and ſpend his labour in full and untouched mines. This was the humble exerciſe of my moſt renowned Authour, (the B. of *Belley*)

who

who made this worthy obſervation, [That themore attentivelyhe reflected upon thoſe things which were brough to his knowledge by meanes either o his eyes or eares, the more he found the World to be an immenſe Volume, which could never be enough ſtudyed, nor throughly read; and that the things of conſideration which it offers to our underſtandings, infinitely exceed in number thoſe that are read in the beſt furniſh't Libraries.] Thereupon he ſtudyed to publiſh nothing that might come under the notion of triviall or vulgar, much leſſe to tranſcribe any thingthat formerlyhad been written, to the end that the Readers Curioſity might not be fruſtrated, but in the lecture of his works might meet with ſuch narrations as never had been ſeen, read, or happily ever heard of before. Out of this richly adorned plot of moſt delicious flowers, I have made choiſe of one to preſent

ſent thee (Reader) which, if it hath not loſt its fragrancy by tranſplanting, cannot but recreate thy ſenſes. Yet though thou doſt finde this defect in it, be favourable in thy cenſure, and accept of my will to pleaſe thee, in endeavouring to put forth in thy mother tongue a hiſtory of ſuch truth and quainte compoſure in the originall, that it is applauded, nay admired, by all the Curious and Judicious of the *French* Nation, the benefit will be thine, the contentment mine, if it liketh thee, Farewell.

J. W.

To the moſt Ingenious, a accompliſhed Gentleman, Major *Wrig'* upon his verſion of a choice piece o' *I. P. Camus* B. of *Belley*, out of *French* into *Engliſh*.

Sir,

CAmus *is much your debter, that you have*
Cladd him in ſuch rich Engliſh, gay and bra
A witty Author ſaye's, When our firſt Sire
Loſt paradiſe (by a deſerved Ire)
He was in Dutch *exterminated thence,*
Fore-tempted in Italian, *and in* French
He fell a begging pardon, for of tongues
The French *is ſofteſt, and hath weakeſt lungs;*
Now therefore Camus *by your vertuous paines*
Speakes ſtronger lines, and in more ſinewy ſtraines:
So have I knowne on Rome's *half-ſpeaking Walls,*
Coppies *improve their firſt* Originalls.

Jam. Howell.

To Mr. VVRIGHT, upon his Translation of the LOVING ENEMY.

VVHy should we praise the venturing Marchant more
That brings bright Pearls from th' *Erythræan* shore;
Or Gold from *Inde*, t' enrich his Country-men,
Then him that Traffiques by a skilfull Pen
T'adorne his Native land with Forrein Wit?
What Marchandise can be compar'd to it?
Such is thy Traffique, such thy pretious toile
In this *French* Story. In a Forrein soile
This tree first grew, and is so well transplanted
By thee to us, that it must needs be granted
It loses nothing by the change of Aire,
But is as full of Elegance, as faire
(The Vertues still retain'd) as fresh in shew
In this, as in the Land, where first it grew.

THO: MAY.

M

To Major *Wright*, on his Excellent tranſlation the LOVING ENEMY.

BEllaie, *who whilome with his Trumpe of Fame*
Eccho'd on Seine *landing at Silver* Thame,
Now charmes our Engliſh eares, and though the Tune
Be different, yet the Melodie's *all one.*
Thoſe noble foes which he diſ[illegible] ſings,
Thou makeſt the ſubject of thy well-tun'd ſtrings
As deadly Feudes and a Domeſtick Warre
Moſt happily by both accorded are.
And though the Partiall French may Bellaie *cro*
Wee'l ſay the Sword *hath put the* Miter *down.*
I wiſh thou couldſt, who doſt ſo well tranſlate
The Quarrels, and at laſt compoſe the hate
Of Private *perſons on our* Publique *Stage;*
Set Periods to this too uncivill rage,
(Which empties Families, and Priſons fills,
And Friends, and Foes, promiſcuouſly kils)
And teach by Precedent our Infant-State
T'abbreviate, and reſtraine th'exceſſe of Hate,
Not let the future Gentrie be undone
For what was by their Grandſires Grandſires done.
Els we ſhall thinke this Worme *cald* Man *dares boaſt*
Who him offends, offends the holy Ghoſt.
We reade how Muſique Charm'd Beaſts, Fiſh, Fowle, Trees;
Maiſt thou charm Man, more eaſily drawn then theſe,
And we will crowne with greves of Laurel Boughs
(Th'Embleme of Peace) the Prize of wit, thy browes,

AUG: RIVERS.

To Major WRIGHT, upon his Excellent Tranſlation of the LOVING ENEMY.

TH' ingenious Fabler Metamorphoſies
Gods into Men, Men into Deities;
Yet by inchanting Verſe, or feigning Pen
Shapes out inhumane Gods, and godleſſe Men.
But, the juſt Metamorphoſer, *BELLAY*,
Such heav'nly transformations doth diſplay
As ev'ry helliſh paſſion they controule,
And of a vicious, Frame a virtuous Soule.
Witneſſe this Story, where pure Love and Peace,
Make cruell Hatred, Bloudy Diſcord, ceaſe.
Yet Engliſh mindes this profit, this delight,
Had wanted, had'ſt not thou Judicious *WRIGHT*
What thy *BELLAY* in choiceſt *French* hath ſed
Into like *Engliſh*, Metamorphoſed.

John Chapperline.

To my Noble Friend, upon his Tranſlation of the *LOVING ENEMY.*

IF *generous actions merit any Praiſe,*
And Heavens Crown their active heads with Bayes,
Then may all ſay, as well as I, there's skill
And Elegancie in the Tranſlators Quill,
Who here preſents unto the world well dreſt
His like-ſpent houres, (bien a la mode) *and left*
Detraction, Envy, Malice, or deſpite,
Miſ-judge my Friend, 'twas done by Loyall WRIGHT.

John Lillie.

To my Dear Friend, *Major* WRIGHT, on his Learned *Translation*, Entituled, *THE LOVING ENEMY*

FEw words (I know) were they as neatly *dreſt*
As thy *Tranſlation*, would become me *beſt*:
And, (could I couch, (like ſome) in every *Line*
A *New-borne-Fancie*) ſtamp thee *All-Divine*.
But as my Genius's *Rude*, and *Stale*, and *Dry*,
The Beſt I am's *A Loving Enemy*.
[An *Enemy* to *BELLEY*, and his *Lines*,
Both *ſtain'd* at once with my *unhappy-Rythmes*:
An *Enemy* to *Language*, moſt to *thee*
Thus hung with *Raggs*, in ſtead of *Tapiſtry*.]
Nor is it fit indeed that I ſhould be
A *Friend* to that, which is *Thine Enemy*,
Were it not *Loving*, and averſe the *Times*,
Which count beſt *Vertues*, but the worſt of *Crimes*;
And tells *Ambition-Man*, wherein he *failes*,
Where to *Caſt Anchor*, when to *Hoiſt* his *Sailes*,
With ſuch a *Mixture* of *Refined Wit*,
The Queſtion, is, *If Man Compoſed it?*
And if a Man, *What Angell's Hand did ſteer*
The Lucky-Veſſell that Arriv'd it here,
With ſo much Skill, *and in a* Dreſſe *ſo fine*
BELLEY *will ſwear 'tis none of* His, *but* thine?
Strange! that a *Goale* ſuch *Tempting-fruit* ſhould bear,
Without the help of *Sun*, or *Raine*, to *cheer*
The *Soile*; and it not *Blaſted* in the *Bud*,
Or *Burnt* (like other things) for be'ng *too good!*
And yet more *Strange*, to find ſo *Plump* a *Stile*
'Mongſt ſuch *Leane-Cauters*, in a *Schoole* ſo *Vile!*
But *Priſoners* Advantage have in this,
[They're *Puniſhed* before they *Act Amiſſe*;
And have their *Muſes* freed from all *Extreames*
Be'ng ſeldome *fired* by *Contracted-Beames*,
Nor yet *Debaſed* to ſuch *Slaviſt-ſtraines*,
As ſpeak them more of *Guts*, than *Subtile Braines*]
" Thus *Captives* are the Men *abound* with *Sence*;
" *Free-men*, but *Panders* to their *Eloquence*.

Geo: Wharton.

To my very much honoured, and judicious Friend, Major WRIGHT, upon his *LOVING ENEMIE.*

THis Booke, Sir, needs no fillet on the browes,
Or silken Muse to grace it; Beauty growes
In every line, and borrow'd Grace defies;
Tie Ribbons where you meane to sacrifice.
Oh had this faire composure been my owne!
I should have boasted some perfection,
And my exalted Soule reach'd that degree
(Before I dy'd) to Love my Enemie.
But this Piece to your Art owes all her Glory,
And I but late admitted to your story
Am onely now concern'd to wonder, how
You should throne Love *and* Malice *in one brow*
So sweet, I knew not, as the flames were drest,
Whether the Fiend, or Angell pleas'd me best.
For still Clione *ravish'd as she mov'd,*
Her rage as excellent, as when she lov'd;
Had there been lesse of either in her blood,
I had repented Laureat *was so good.*
But with what reason, some bold Critick sayes,
Should I, on you translate the Authors praise?
This was Bellay's. *Divide me 'twixt you two:*
But what I understand, I owe to you.

J. SHERLEY.

THE LOVING ENEMIE.

AS when insulting *Neptune* musters his turbulent waves against the boystrous windes, and tosseth (sometimes) his billowes to the Sky, then hurries them againe into his restlesse bottome, seeming to threat the Earth with Perfundation (yet all his stormes produce nothing but Froth, for the All-seeing Providence hath so set forth his bounds to the limits of her prefiction, that a small sandy bank bridles in his untam'd exorbitance.) Such is the vaine potency of

men that oppoſe themſelves to the decrees of Heaven. In vaine doe Monarchs load the Ocean with Ships, and fill the Earth with Armies, if the great God of Hoſts aſſiſt not in their Battells, theſe multitudes of Men, and all theſe Martiall preparations are ſoon of themſelves diſſolv'd and diſſipated: They make great noiſe, but to ſo ſmall purpoſe, for God is onely he that gives the Victory, reſerving to himſelf the diſpoſall of the Events of Warre, without reſpect to the diſparity of the Combatants. No force can Rout the Party he maintaines, for who can withſtand his Choſen, or break thoſe ſquadrons that have his Banners for Protection?

I ſpeak this only, as calling to mind that numerous Army which the Emperour, *Charles* the Fifth, brought by Sea and Land to ſackage *France*, which he had already ſwallowed in his Fancy. It was at that time when he fell

fell into *Provence* by the Coaſt of *Genua*, with ſo powerfull an Army, that it ſeem'd no force was able to oppoſe him. But God (who hath taken to his particular charge the preſervation of this flouriſhing Monarchy, ſince by his Holy Writ we are taught, that amongſt all the Flowers the Lilly is his choiſeſt favourite) caſt confuſion in the face of this mighty Prince, (who ſeem'd to place his confidence in the multitude of his Souldiers.) And at the firſt ſight of our King, *Henry* the Seconds Army, confounded and overthrew all his Deſignes, to ſhew him how vaine are all attempts againſt Gods immutable Decrees; and that the Honour of th'Immortall flower *de Luce*, ſhall continue as long as the World hath being. The *Egyptians*, ſaid *Iſrael*, relyed upon the force of their Chariots, and their Horſe-men, but Gods People put all their confidence in him, and onely

truſt in that Almightie's aide that fram'd both Heaven and Earth.

The violent incurſion of this ſo formidable Hoſte (compos'd of ſo many ſeverall Nations, that the different Idioms made it ſeeme a kind of Babel) found an unexpected *Remora*; and in very ſhort time was quite diſcomfited by a ſtrange contagious Sickneſſe that ſwept the men away by thouſands, which blaſted the Vaine hopes of the Ambitious Emperor. A certain *French* Gentleman that was taken Priſoner by the Spaniards, his horſe being kill'd under him, gave a notable check to his aſpiring thoughts by a witty and generous Anſwer: This Priſoner being brought before the Emperor, amongſt divers other Queſtions he was askt, *How many dayes journey it was from Aix* to *Paris?* The Gentleman well perceiving the ſcope of that demand, replyed, *If by Journeys your Sacred Majeſty doth meane Battels, (as in our language*

language we ſay the Fournie of Ravenna, *meaning the battell that was fought that day in that place) you will find them infinite:* Giving the Emperour to underſtand thereby that *France* being ſo undrainable a Source of People, and ſo fertile a nurſery of men, He could never be able to accompliſh his ends upon that Hydra, nor conquer, ſo Martiall and Heroick a nation with ſo much facility as he imagin'd. The gallantry of this gentlemans anſwer in the Condition he then was, ſo pleas'd the humour of this great Prince, that he eſteem'd him much the more for it, and gave preſently order that he ſhould have all reſpectfull and honourable uſage during his Impriſonment.

Alwaies before a furious ſtorme breaks out you ſee the Skie o're-ſpred with Vapours, the Clouds condenſe themſelves, and the raine blacken in them: Lightning precedes the thunder

and the noiſe is heard long ere the thunderbolt falls downe. The Rumour of theſe great forces which the Emperour brought from *Italie* and the Confines of *Genua*, bred an extream terrour in Provence: And as Seafaring men who foreſeeing tempeſtuous weather, haſten all they can to make into the Shore and bring their ſhips to ride in ſome ſafe Bay, ſo the affrighted people of Provence ſtrive to ſecure their goods and perſons within Cities, Caſtles and ſtrong holds, where they may be ſheltred from the Violence of this over-powerfull Enemy, and give teſtimony of their Valours by a courageous reſiſtance; But in regard the moſt conſiderable places of that Country were too weake defences againſt th' Impetuoſity of ſo fierce a Torrent, the richeſt and moſt noble families pitch't upon *Avignon*, (a City belonging to the Pope) which ſtanding neuter, and no way intereſſed

in

in the differences betwixt theſe two Monarchs, was choſen as the fitteſt and ſecureſt place of refuge for the Gentlewomen and Ladies, where (as in a Sanctuary) they might preſerve their honours, (dearer to ſuch then life) from the violence and Inſolency of the Souldiers : As for the men following the dictates of true magnanimity, they repaired all to their owne Princes Army, there in teſtimony of their Loyalty and valour to Sacrifice their blood and lives in the defence of their King and Country.

'Mongſt theſe occurrences it happen'd that there were two of the moſt remarkable families of that Province, who by the Contagion of their too neare vicinity had contracted ſo much of the *Italians* diſpoſition, that they mutually inherited the hatred, as well as the poſſeſſions of their Anceſtours. But as the helpeleſſe Larks, ſpying the greedy Marlin leave off the private

Skermiſhes, and ſeeke by ſoaring wing to procure their ſafety, and free themſelves from the Pounces of their common Enemy; So at the firſt appearance of the Imperiall Eagle upon the Ligurian ſhoare, theſe particular quarrells were preſently appeas'd, theſe adverſaries trampling under feet all private grudges, to make a valiant and unanimous oppoſition againſt the publike Enemy of their King and Country. Whilſt they reſpectively execute their Kings Commands, in offices and employments ſuitable to their births and abilities, their Ladies are in *Avignon*, where in imitation of their husbands gallantries in this publike affliction, they make a ſhew of ſo much reciprocall amity and freedome, that by their carriage every one thought they had beene perfectly reconcil'd, and had forgotten all former enmities; ſo crafty is that faithleſſe Sexe, that can ſo dextrouſly cover the burning

burning coales of their malicious practices under the white aſhes of ſo faire a diſſimulation; Sexe no leſſe ſubtile and addicted naturally to paint their hearts then their faces, and hide an irreconcileable hatred under the moſt ſpecious veile of ſeeming friendſhip.

But this great deſigne of the Emperour's, who aimed at nothing leſſe then conquering all *France*, Vaniſhed into ſmoake, as the hiſtory of thoſe times teacheth us, (to which I remit him that is more curious, to be more fully ſatisfied) this proud Peacock was enforc't to truſſe up his glorious tail: And of ſo great thunder & ſtorm there remain'd nothing but dirt and water; In a word he left Provence with as much ſhame as he had gotten it with glory, like a ſtraw fire as ſoone quench'd as kindled. He being retreated to his owne Seate in *Germany*, the King having given order for repa-

ration

ration of the breaches and ſpoiles this forraigne Army had made in his Country, and disbanded his owne, retired to *Paris*, his Metropolitan City, the reſidence of his Court and Center of his Kingdome: And thoſe of Provence went to repoſſeſſe their former habitations.

But as theſe publike troubles had qualified for a time th' Inveterate enmity of theſe two families (whence I derive the proceſſe of this diſcourſe) the publike Peace reviv'd it. As the ſuppreſſing of fire in a cloſe Furnace augments the heate, and as a ſtiffe-running ſtreame ſwell's and redouble's it's rapidity the more it finde's oppoſition: So this forc't retention increas'd their animoſity; beſides in probability, Ambition and Envy, (two ſpurres of the Emulation which commonly growe's 'twixt equalls) might re-enkindle this hatred upon occaſion of ſervice in the Army, where each Chiefe

Chiefe by advancing his owne fortune ſtrove to out-vie his Competitor. Inſomuch that being return'd to their owne manſions (which were not far aſunder) after this publike ſtorme roſe a particular one betwixt them, ſo Violent that it could not be allayed without the effuſion of much blood. Accurſed Duell, Scourge of our Nation, diſturber of our tranquillity, wherefore muſt thou deſtroy in the ſweetneſſe of a quiet Peace, thoſe whom the Sword had ſpared in the fury of a raging Warre?

Silvin and *Poliette* (the two Enemies) deſirous by this laſt encounter to ſet a period to all their differences (which would never be compoſed by the mediation of all the friends they had) ſeek to make parties & Confederacies on each ſide, and levy a kind of petty civil war in Provence. In the end to avoid ſhedding of much blood, they reſolv'd upon a forme of battell of ſix,

againſt

againſt ſixe, and to end all their diſcords, by the death of the one or the other party. *Silvin* choſe his brother and foure of his Allies for his aſſiſtants againſt *Poliette* and his Aſſociates. *Poliette* had a hopefull gentleman to his Sonne, about twenty yeares of age, newly come from the *Academie*, very expert on horſebacke and at his weapon, and of a Courage anſwerable to his dexterity. As ſoone as this gallant heard of his Father's engagement againſt *Silvin*, he would needs be of the Party; but the Father having no other Children, was ſo tender of him, that he could not be perſwaded to let him expoſe himſelfe to that danger, thinking that although his owne fortune might be to dye in that Combat, his Sonne ſurviving would keepe up the name and honour of the family. But *Laurean* being youthfull and of a fiery Spirit, was enrag'd at his Fathers refuſall, and vowed he would

preci-

precipitate himſelfe into a thouſand deaths rather then ſuffer his Father to engage without him. *Poliette* no way diſtruſted his agilitie nor his gallantrie, but fear'd the tenderneſſe of his youth, of the mature vigour and experience of thoſe whom his Enemy had taken for his ſeconds. At laſt *Laurean* exclaimed, intreated, conjured, and ſtormed ſo much that his Father was enforc't to condeſcend to his deſire, and ſuffer him to meaſure his Sword with *Fructule Silvin*'s brother and ſecond.

Without troubling my ſelfe to deſcribe every particular of this Combate, not to ſpeake according to the Proverbe, as a Clerke at armes; I will relate you onely the Event, which was thus. *Silvin* was kill'd out-right by *Poliette*'s owne hand, *Fructule* wounded and diſarmed by *Laurean*, two others of *Silvin*'s ſide ſlaine in the field, the other two put to flight: of

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Poliette's party, onely kept the dead Adverſaries company, another eſcap'd unhurt, but the foure others were ſo deſperately wounded, that *Poliette* and his ſonne were carryed off as dead; and although the glory of winning the Field was theirs, it was a dear-bought Victory. They were carryed to *Avignon*, where their Wives yet remained. The one received newes of her Husbands death, with ſuch inceſſant skreeking and complaints, as paſſe all tearmes of expreſſion; the other was not much leſſe aggrieved, ſeeing her Husband and her Sonne in ſo deplorable a condition, that their deaths ſeem'd neerer by much then their recovery. *Fructule* was alſo brought thither, but through the loſſe of ſo much blood he had ſuch frequent *Syncopes*, that every moment 't was thought he would expire. *Fortunate* (*Silvin*'s wife) receiv'd her Brother-in-law in this dolefull equipage, and with

Clione

Cliene (her Husbands onely daughter and heireſſe) ſo carefully tended him, that within ſome daies there were evident ſignes of his recovery. *Eulalie, Polieſte*'s wife, was no leſſe buſied about her Son and husband, whoſe deſperate wounds put her in continuall apprehenſion of their deaths. Her conjugall and motherly afflictions bred in her moſt inſupportable affections, for her heart being equally ballanced, and bearing a ſhare in both their ſufferings, could no way condeſcend to the loofing of either of thoſe ſo neerely and ſo dearely beloved perſons. But the Heavens not willing to keepe her ſoule any longer ſuſpended betwixt theſe two Idols determined to take one of them: Both were ſo neare death, that 'twas thought, one while the Father, another while the Sonne would leade the way; theſe ſad uncertainties gave ſtrange convulſions to the dolefull heart of *Eulalie*. At laſt

Polieſte,

Polieſte, who was more perplex't for his Son then for himſelfe, obtain'd at length what oft he had deſired, which was, that by the ſhortning of his dayes his Son's might be prolonged. So he deceaſed after long languiſhing and many pangs which his patience and true repentance made very inſtrumentall to the expiation of his offences.

His death was conceal'd from *Laureau* as much as might be, leſt that ſorrow added to the extreame anguiſh of his wounds ſhould cut in ſunder the weake ſpun thread of ſo fraile a life; as ſoon as there appear'd ſome ſymptomes of health in him, and that the Conſolidation of his wounds gave hopes of his recovery, I know not how the loſſe of his Father came unto his knowledge, but whether through the motives of his owne good diſpoſition, or the great affection he bare towards him that gave him his being in this

this world, or the ſuddainneſſe of the griefe which ſeized him unprepar'd, or whether as yet not throughly having gathered ſtrength, but ſtill languiſhing with paine, his heart was inſufficient to reſiſt ſo violent an aſſault, this news ſo ſtrongly wrought upon his fancy, that falling into a continuall feaver with extravagant ravings, he was poſſes'd with a melancholly Imaginarion that he was dead himſelfe. Theſe kinds of diſeaſes which trouble and pervert the ſenſe and Judgement are the Phyſitians croſſes, and which they hold the leaſt incurable of any; for what remedies can be applyed to one that eſteemes all medicines uſeleſſe, or out of a wilfull obſtinacy refuſeth to take any? This or worſe was poore *Laurean*'s condition, none could perſwade him to take any kind of nutriment, ſaying that dead Bodies did not eate, and that it was ridiculous, and againſt nature to take any victualls; no

preſcriptions of the Phyſitians, no remonſtrances of Religious men, nor the inceſſant teares of the bewailing Mother, could prevaile any thing upon his opiniative obſtinacy, untill one of his owne Servants extremely perplex't at his Maſters malady, bethought himſelfe of an ingenious Stratagem, which proved no leſſe profitable then pleaſing. He knew that men tainted with ſuch Hypochondriake diſeaſes, are ſooner cur'd by condeſcending to their humours, then contradicting them; for croſſing them doth but imprint their folly deeper in the braine, which nothing but ſome witty querk of invention can deracinate: ſo faining himſelfe dead, he was lay'd upon a bed in *Laurean*'s ſight, and there taking ſuch meat as was brought to him, at laſt bred an appetite in his Maſter, who reſolv'd, to imitate the dead man, and eate as he did. By this means, by little and little, his

his braines began to ſettle, and proportionably as he recovered ſtrength of body, thoſe melancholly Vapours diſperſed themſelves, which obfuſcated his imagination, and his youthfulneſſe added to the cure, and remedies applyed to him, called him back from Deaths dore to the hope of a happy recovery, and in ſhort time his wounds being throughly heal'd, he re-enjoyed as perfect health as ever. But as all worldly pleaſures ſeldome are entire, he ſcarce had left off mourning for his Father, but he was re-obliged to the like ſadneſſe, both of heart and habit, for the deceaſe of *Eulalie*, who quite overcome with ſorrow for her huſbands death, and the continuall feares ſhe was in for her Sonne, fell into a lingring diſeaſe, which conſuming inſenſibly her ſpirits, enforc'd her at laſt to follow her ſo much beloved *Polieſte*, leaving *Laurean* the moſt diſconſolate man living.

Now let us ſee what paſſeth in the Adverſary *Silvin*'s family, where mercileſſe Death ſweeping all before him, makes dolefull evidences of his uncontrouleable puiſſance, yet nevertheleſſe the coldneſſe of his aſhes is not of force enough to extinguiſh the coales of their implacable anger; their hatred paſſeth the grave, which in my judgment is too large an extent, and ought to be the utmoſt point, the extremity of any malice ſhould reach unto. *Fortunate* not being able to admit in the wounds (which the griefe for *Silvin*'s loſſe had cauſed) the ingredients of any Conſolation, never conſidering that the Combate where 'twas his chance to fall, was fairly caryed without any treachery; and that *Poliette* himſelfe, though not kill'd in the field, was ſince dead of the wounds her huſband gave him, and that *Laurean* had eſcaped no bettter then *Fructule*: Incens'd with furious appetite

petite of revenge, breathes nothing in the eares and heart of *Clione* but a deſire to procure the death of *Laurean*. Moſt wicked woman who not ſatisfied with ſo much blood as is already ſpilt; wilt thou yet bathe thy ſelfe in his, whom the Heavens had preſerved from ſo many dangers? Shee would faine perſwade her brother-in-law *Fructule* to fight againe with *Laurean*, but he not ignorant of the lawes of armes, retain'd himſelfe within the tearmes of his profeſſion, expecting ſome other occaſion to ſatiate the irreconcileable hatred he bare *Polieƈte*'s heire. At laſt Death ſent his Summons to *Fortunate* by an implacable meſſenger, a burning Feaver, yet the violence of her diſeaſe could not make her heart relent, nor renounce her unworthy deſire of Vengeance; but ſhe bound her daughter with this execrable Oath, never to marry any man, but ſuch as ſhould firſt bring

her *Laurean*'s head, as a ſacrifice to her Father's Ghoſt. Whether ſhe dyed abſolutely in this minde or not I cannot ſay, but I'le aſſure you after her death, *Clione* kept but too ſeverely the promiſe ſhe had made her Mother, although it be rather an act of irreligion then of piety to obſerve ſo ill-grounded engagements.

Being now her Uncle *Fructule*'s ward her beauty, which was tranſcendent, & the noiſe of her great riches, made her the mark that the ambition of the moſt conſiderable perſons of that Province aymed at. But ſhe's a ſecond *Atalanta*, her love cannot be purchaſed without the hazard of the ſuitors life, ſhe makes her ſelf the price of *Laureans* head, ſo deeply her Father's death, & the preſſing perſwaſions of her dying Mother, had engraved in her heart the hatred of this innocent gentleman. But commonly ill intents have bad events, and ſad repentance followes for the moſt part

part all unadviſed enterpriſes; Foure of the moſt eager aſpirers to the acquiſition of this golden fleece, one after the other receiv'd a due chaſtiſement for their temerity. The firſt remained a Cripple all his life, bearing in his deformity a perpetuall marke of *Laurean*'s Valour, the ſecond was kill'd in the field, the third delivered ſhamefully his armes, and the fourth had ſerv'd as a trophy to *Laureans* gallantry, if friends comming in had not ſeparated them, and raviſhed this palme from our Champion.

In meane time, as the ſame waters of the deluge which over-flowed the world, raiſed the Arke to the very Heavens, ſo the ſame meanes which *Clione* had invented to deſtroy her enemy, were to him as ſteps and degrees of Glory: For 'tis incredible how much the ſucceſſe of theſe combats increaſed his reputation; and although the act in it ſelfe was not commen-

dable, yet the cauſe (in regard he aymed at nothing but his owne defence) ſeem'd ſo juſt, that his praiſes were trumpeted out by the very mouths of thoſe that were jealous and envious at his honour. Seeing he was the onely object of *Clione*'s inveterate hatred, and that like *Hydra'es* heads, the defeating of his Adverſaries begat him freſh Encounters: his friends adviſed him often to abſent himſelfe from Provence, and go to the Court, where the Kings preſence might be a meanes to hinder the no leſſe frequent then inſolent provocations of *Clione*'s franticke Lovers. But he was ſo farre from conſenting to theſe perſwaſions, that he ſlighted and rejected them as frivolous, and contrary to his honour and courage, fancying (like the Lacedemonian King) that no man was ſtronger, or better then himſelfe as long as he could hold his Sword. And indeed this inflexible magnanimity,

mity, ſcorning the dangers he was like to fall into every moment, made his Valour ſo cryed up through the whole Country, that the moſt inconſiderate and ſtouteſt of *Clione*'s Suitors became more moderate, and learned at the expence of other mens ſad fates to ſeeke the enjoyment of her, without intereſſing themſelves in the Vindication of her unjuſt paſſions.

In ſhort time ſhe found no body would love her, nor that would hearken to her when ſhe offered her ſelfe, as the price and recompence of a murther. Wives purchaſed with bloud are not uſually beloved: It being a thing not ordinary to take a Wife purpoſely to put ones life in hazard, but rather to preſerve it, for the generation of hopefull Succeſſours. So that having loſt all her hopes on that ſide, finding no body that to obtaine her favour would coap with the Victorious *Laurean*, ſhe fell into a profound melan-

melancholly, which made her take the moſt extravagant and furious reſolution that could be imagined. She determines to execute her deſigne with her owne hand, but knowing how redoubtable *Laurean*'s vigour was, and that naturall weakeneſſe of her ſexe was incapable to reſiſt the Violence of his invincible fury, ſhe ſtudies how to compaſſe by ſubtilty that which ſhe deſpair'd by ſtrength of armes to accompliſh. After long raving and muſing which way to effect her intention, ſhe reſolves to tranſveſt her ſelfe, and getting into *Laurean*'s Service, to watch her opportunity to murder him; but ſhe ſuddainly recanring that enterpriſe, conſidering how ſhrmefull a thing t'would be for a young Lady of her quality, to goe alone disguiſed in that manner, and to how many ill cenſures ſhe ſhould expoſe her honour by ſo extravagant and unadviſed an action; beſides ſhe thought

thought it almoſt impoſſible to procure a Maid of confidence and courage enough to follow her, in ſo hazardous an attempt. Yet Heaven which had decreed the event, far different from her intention, ſuffered her not to remain long in this perplexity, by putting into her hands a bold *Virago*, who like another *Sara* offered her ſelfe to wait upon this couragious *Judith* in her perilous deſigne, and to put in execution what Commands ſoever ſhe would lay upon her; But then preſently ſhe found another difficulty of no leſſe conſequẽce then the former, which was, how they ſhould get out of their houſe, and retire thẽſelves awhile out of the ſight of *Fructule* her Unkle & gardian, who watcht her with no leſſe Vigilancy then the reſtleſſe Dragon that had in keeping the apples of the Heſperian garden. But t'is in vaine to ſtrive to prevent a woman that is wilfully reſolved, the inventions they have to precipitate themſelves

themſelves into their own deſtruction, infinitely exceed any thought that can be imagin'd to preſerve them.

Clione faines her ſelfe much troubled with thoſe obſtructions which alter the Complection of ſo ful-blown roſes in a Virgins cheekes, and throw downe the freſh colours of the maiden bluſh, placing in their ſtead the pale enſignes of the Lilly: And having well greaſed her Doctours hand to preſcribe in her Uncle's hearing the remedy which ſhe deſir'd, he ordered her to goe to the Baths and drinke the water of *Baquieres*, which are in *Bigorre*, a Province of *Guyenne*, at the foote of the *Pyrenean* mountains. *Fructule* condeſcends to the undertaking of this journey, which ſhe ſo much deſired, and the Phyſitian affirmed was neceſſary for her health. Amongſt other lands and houſes which ſhe inherited by her Parents deceaſe, there was one in low *Languedoc*,

doc, juſt in her way where ſhe intended to put in practice her Stratagem. She had to attend her two men and two maid Servants, whereof her faithfull *Melicerte* was one. They were no ſooner come to this houſe in low *Languedoc*, but *Clione* counterfeited her ſelfe ſo ſick, and ſo ſtopped with theſe opilations, that reſolving to ſtay there till ſhe could procure ſome remedy for this diſeaſe, (which ſhe ſo cunningly diſſembled, that the moſt curious obſervours might have beene deceived) ſhe ſent back her Uncle's two men, reſerving onely her maids about her, which with the helpe of her Farmer's family ſhe judged ſufficient for her preſent Service. Now ſhe is farre enough out of *Fructule*'s ſight, *Melicerte* is onely privy to her enterpriſe: as for the other maide, ſhe eaſily found ſeeming pretexts enough to turne her away, and the good honeſt Farmer is ſatisfied with any thing ſhee's pleas'd

to

to tell him. By this meanes ſhe ſee's her ſelfe in a full liberty of executing her extravagant purpoſes. She cauſeth to be bought her two horſes with good weapons, two mens cloathing for her ſelfe and *Melicerte*, and having cut their haire (a ſtrange reſolution) and fitted themſelves to their minds, they rode towards *Laurean*'s houſe.

Being lodged in a neighbouring Village, *Clione*, under the name of *Florent*, and *Melicerte* calling her ſelfe *Nartal*, they gave out that they were *Languedochian* youths that wanted ſervice: ſince they have now taken the names and habits of men, we will ſpeake of them whilſt they continue thus, as of men, their enterpriſe being bloudy and Martiall. In ſhort time they inſinuate themſelves into the acquaintance of ſome of *Laurean*'s followers, 'mongſt whom they learn't that their Maſter was a great lover of muſick, finding it the onely ſolace

lace and Charme to divert the melancholy his generous minde was afflicted with, ſeeing himſelfe the onely object of the malicious practiſes of ſuch implacable Enemies. *Florent* could Sing ſo exquiſitely to the Lute, that his voice ſeemed to declare no leſſe than an exact agreement betwixt the vocall and inſtrumentall Muſick, thereby charming the rocks into ſuch a poſture, as if they had danced meaſures to that Harmony. *Nartal* had no ſuch pleaſing Voice, but he had ſo excellent a hand upon the Virginalls, that joyn'd in concert with the Lute, and *Florents* admirable Voice made ſo Harmonious a melody, that it ſweetly ſtole out at the Ears the Soules of all the hearers. Theſe pleaſingly deceitfull allurements, our *Syrenes* make the prologue of the deteſtable tragedy they intended againſt this innocent *Ulyſſes*. At laſt ſome of his Servants that had heard them preſented

ſented them to *Laurean*, whoſe eares being infinitely raviſh'd with their incomparable Harmony, and his eyes no leſſe taken with their winning countenances and demeanure: he conjured them to make his houſe their lodging, aſſuring them to treat them like perſons of noble Extraction, (as he deemed them to be) and that they ſhould command all he had as freely as himſelf. The cunning Females perceiving with what impetuoſity their prey caſt himſelf into the ſnares they had prepared for him, made many ſeeming excuſes, & refuſals of his Civility, although they defired nothing more than to remaine there; but that was meerly to engage *Laurean* into deeper Conjurations, and to cover their ſtaying with the colour of conſtraint. At laſt (like *Hellen*) they were forc'd with their own conſents. *Laurean* gives them honourable entertainment, Feaſts them in the higheſt manner he can, knowing

knowing how fantaſticall Muſicians naturally are; and how hard it is to hold theſe *Protheuſes* which change places and humours as often as they vary their tunes and notes.

Oh the Admirable effect of Civility and courteſie! which wrought ſo powerfully upon *Florent*'s diſpoſition, that preſently it chang'd his reſolution. His heart like Lead melts all at once, and love takes full poſſeſſion of that breſt, where a mortall and implacable hatred had ſo long kept his reſidence. *Laurean* is ſo ready in doing *Florent* all obliging and civill offices, that his heart muſt have beene compos'd of Steel or Marble if it had not relented at ſuch evident teſtimonies of affection: And *Florent* being of no rocky ſubſtance, nor compos'd of any other inſenſible matter, remarked ſo much grace and Comelineſſe in *Laurean*'s perſon, ſuch pleaſing diſcourſe and ſo winning behaviour, that by

little and little his perfections made a moſt ardent impreſſion in the heart of this *Virago.* Who can but admire this change? ſhe that came purpoſely to ſurpriſe, is her ſelf ſurpriſed, and wounded to the heart; ſhe is become a friend, nay a paſſionate Lover, that went out a Capitall Enemy, and with the moſt felonious and deteſtable intention, that the malice of the mortaleſt and moſt inveterate hatred ever could ſuggeſt. What various thoughts now agitate her diſquiet mind? What pleaſure now ſhe takes in the preſence and Converſation with *Laurean?* Now if ſhe could perſwade her ſelfe that *Laurean* would ever beare as much love to *Clione,* as he makes ſhew of inclination to *Florent,* ſhe ſhould eſteeme her felicity a degree beyond infinite.

Nartal obſerving his Companion very penſive and Melancholly, thought that the apprehenſion of the danger,

and

and the difficulty of atchieving their enterpriſe, had beene the occaſion of his diſcontent : But how much was he miſtaken in his conjecture, ſince *Florent* now deſires as vehemently the preſervation of *Laurean*'s life, as formerly he had thirſted after his death. *Nartal* endeavoureth to encourage him to purſue their deſigne, perſwading him that thoſe teſtimonies of affection which *Laurean* ſhewed them, would be a meanes for them to accomplish with more facility their intention ; too much Confidence opening the gates to perfidious treacherie, as much as miſtruſt is Mother of ſecurity. But how much did he finde *Florents* Courage and reſolution altered, and what amazement ſeiz'd him when he heard expreſſions of affection proceed from the ſame mouth that had uttered ſo many menaces againſt *Laurean*, whilſt the heart which gave her tongue it's motion

was fraught with ſo much gall and rancour.

Having reſolv'd with my ſelfe to abandone all that might breed tediouſneſſe in my hiſtories, I cannot without countervening my reſolution now relate the ſeverall diſcourſes upon this occaſion betwixt theſe two diſguiſed damſels. In the upſhot *Clione* that had not been aſhamed to diſcover to

[illegible]

walin;

making her selfe knowne to *Lauran*, but much more forbad her to discover the extreame passion wherewith her heart was inflamed for him. On th'other side, he, whether through a secret instinct of nature, more forcible then any artificiall disguisements, or by the sweetnesse of *Florians* behaviour and Musicall charmes, or by any other private moove, he knew not what, he could not with [illegible]

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Having reſolv'd with my ſelfe to abandone all that might breed tediouſneſſe in my hiſtories, I cannot without countervening my reſolution now relate the ſeverall diſcourſes upon this occaſion betwixt theſe two diſguiſed damſels. In the upſhot *Clione* that had not been aſhamed to diſcover to *Melicerte* to what extremity her rage and malice againſt *Laurean* had tranſported her, thought it no diſhonour to confeſſe the new flame his merits had kindled in her breaſt. This Confeſſion much ſatisfied *Melicerte*'s curioſity, though ſhe diſſembled it as much as might be, and fed *Clione* with hopes of terminating their deſigne with Joy and Contentment, notwithſtanding ſo difficult and knotty a beginning. But a buſineſſe of this intricacy could not be ſo eaſily diſembroil'd. The reſpects of honour retaine *Clione* from making

making her ſelfe knowne to *Laurean*, but much more forbad her to diſcover the extreame paſſion wherewith her heart was inflamed for him. On th'other ſide, he, whether through a ſecret inſtinct of nature, more forcible then any artificiall diſguiſements, or by the ſweetneſſe of *Florents* behaviour and Muſicall charmes, or by any other private motive, he knew not what, he could not without great reſentment abſent himſelfe from the company of theſe new gueſts, and when the night conſtrained him to retire into his Chamber, and called them to theirs, It was but to ſpin out the howers inſtead of ſleeping in continuall ravings, which ſtill began againe when he did thinke to end them, loſing himſelfe in a Labyrinth of reſtleſſe Imaginations. Who ever ſaw a blinde Creature in Love with a thing he never ſaw, and paſſionately ſeeking after that he loves without knowing

what it is : Such is the diſquietneſſe of *Laurean*'s troubled minde, vehemently deſiring he knowes not what, and ſuffering ſtrange effects, whoſe cauſe he was not able to ſor penetrate. Weake is the force of art againſt the inſtinct of Nature, *Florent*'s perfections diſplay their attractive power through the Shadowes of all theſe artificiall diſguiſes.

It's true, 'twas no ſmall *Alarum* which Love gave to *Clone*'s heart, where triumphing like a Victorious Generall, he put all other paſſions to the route, and made a ſtrange diſorder in her breſt. But *Laurean*'s diſtemper is farre greater, feeling ſometimes much pleaſure in his paſſion, then preſently tormented with Dolours unexpreſſable, being inclin'd to love an object which he could not enjoy in the manner he did deſire. How oft did he accuſe Nature of miſtaking, in placing in the body of a man (as he thought

thought *Florent* to be) beauty and qualities that ſeemed much more Suitable to a Lady; for the lineaments of his face were in his eye ſo exquiſite, his complexion ſo delicate, his diſcourſe ſo quainte, his Voyce ſo feminine, his geſtures ſo comely, and all his actions ſo little ſavouring of any Martiall breeding, that he was much perplex't to finde ſuch rare perfections in a perſon whom the Divine lawes, as well as thoſe of Nature, forbade him to love with that horrible luſt which ſo much defameth th'Orientall climates, but never ſo much as entreth into the thoughts of the Septentrionalls. How much did it torment him to withdraw his eyes from an object which was ſo pleaſing that he could never ſatisfie himſelfe with looking upon it, and yet could not contemplate it without a Crime? had he lived in the age of the Metamorphoſes, how would he have importun'd

the Heavens to have made one according to his desire? Amongst many other particulars that passed whilst *Florent* and *Nartal* remained in *Laurean*'s house: I will only relate two or three, which seeme no lesse remarkable than delightfull.

One day, as they were discoursing of the Combates, which this Gentleman had fought against those, that through the instigations of *Clione* had challeng'd him; there was one of the Company that fell into high Exclamations against the Cruelty and Malice of that Lady, reviling her with the tearms of a Viper, a Fury, and a Fell-savage Beast; wishing her out of the world, that *Laurean*'s life might be secured from so many dangers, to which her irreconcileable hatred dayly exposed him. For in effect, every moment he expected such kind of Messages; and every time any one knockt at his Gates he fancyed himself to be in one of

of thoſe enchanted Caſtles of the Ancient Romans, where thoſe that remained muſt alwayes be ready arm'd, and in a poſture to anſwer ſome new Challenge: But *Laurean* not ſuffering him to proceed in ſuch Violent railings againſt a Lady that he eſteemed full of Honor. You blame her (ſays he) for her hatred to me, and do not conſider that it proceeds from the extream love ſhe beares to the memory of her Parents. Her Mother dying, made her ſwear my Ruine, as *Aſdrubal*, made *Hannibal* and *Amilcar*, his Children, ſwear the deſtruction of the Romans, and make a ſolemne Vow upon the Altars never to be reconciled to them. And in this ſhe doth an act both of Honour and Piety in ſo ſeverely keeping her Oath and Promiſe. Beſides, according to the Lawes and Maximes of the world, who knowes not that Revenge is held a point of Courage and Magnanimity? If ſhe be poſſeſſed with

with this Errour, ſhe doth but follow the ſtreame of the generall opinion, which tranſports oft times the moſt diſcreet, and conſiderate perſons: Moreover, ſhe takes me (if not for her Father's murtherer) at leaſt for the Son of him that kill'd him; and in this reſpect how can ſhe but abhor me? and why ſhould not ſhe endeavour to deprive him of life whom ſhe looks on as her Fathers Homicide? It is true, I could object many very lawfull excuſes, in regard the Battell was fought according to the Lawes of Armes without Treachery; and that my Father is ſince deceaſed of the wounds which he received from hers: that my hands were not otherwiſe dipped in her Fathers blood, but in the juſt defence of my own Fathers cauſe and quarrel; and that I my ſelf was brought off the Field with more probability of Death than Life. But a heart poſſeſs'd with prejudice, and ulcerated with an incurable

rable paſſion can admit of no reaſon, though never ſo juſt; if the light of Truth and Equity could but once penetrate the breſt of this faire Enemy, with it's reſplendent rayes, and diſſipate the miſty clouds of this ſavage and inhumane Opinion which ſhe hath conceiv'd againſt me, I am confident it would abate her fury, and that ſhe would acknowledge me to be more ready to honour, and ſerve Ladyes of her quality and merits than ſhee imagines. I have had the thought a hundred times to write her this reſentment of my Soul, (that being the onely meanes I had to accoſt her) for my ſight I know is moſt odious to her: But a vaine ſhadow of honour ſtill retained me, fearing leſt ſhe ſhould make trophyes of my Letters; and that ſome indiſcreet readers might believe that the apprehenſion of Death had dictated them to me, ſeeing my ſelfe daily attack't with freſh Combatants;

and

and no ſooner cured of my firſt wounds, but enforc'd to hazard the opening them again in a ſecond Duel. Indeed had I but one Enemy to deal with, in a moment our difference would be ended by the death of one, or other, but I muſt Encounter as many as the Beauty of my dear Enemy (which charmes even thoſe that have the leaſt inclination to love) produceth every day. I believe really, that nothing but death can releaſe me from this miſery; It being impoſſible but that *Hercules* himſelf muſt at laſt fall under ſo many Adverſaries. But beſides the comfort I have from the goodneſſe of my Cauſe, (which is but a juſt defence) ſo that I die honourably, without any ſtaine to my reputation, I am ſatisfied. Happy beyond my deſerts if this faire Enemy having ſacrific'd me to her Vengeance by the hand of ſome new Lover, may one day acknowldge her Errour, and how

ſhe

ſhe had ſhortned the dayes of a Gentleman of Honour, that ambitioned nothing more than to be her Servant.

Theſe laſt words pronounc'd ſo feelingly, and with ſuch a grace, as was enough to have made the very rocks ſenſible of a relenting diſpoſition, ſtruck *Florent*'s heart with ſuch tenderneſſe, that the blood ſtarted out of his eyes, and the teares trickling like Pearles of dew amongſt the Roſes of his cheeks, augmented much that beauty, which *Laurean* contemplated but with too much attention. Perceiving his teares, What, *Florent*, (ſaid he) is it the default of my courage that breeds this effect of pitty in you? No, no, doe not thinke, though I am called every day to Death's doore, that I will ever abate the leaſt punctillio of Honour, which is ſo hereditary to my Family: Rather bewaile the miſ-fortune of thoſe, that through *Clione*'s means

meanes have fallen by my Victorious hand. So unworthy a diffidence (replyed *Florent*) never entered into my thought, the proofes that you have given of your Valour in ſo many occaſions are ſo publicke, that he muſt be a great ſtranger in this Province that is ignorant of them; I am onely ſorry that ſuch eminent vertues ſhould be ſo unjuſtly expoſed to the Cruelty of a barbarous Maid, who cannot deſerve (for ſo many unworthy actions) that you ſhould eſteeme ſo highly of her as you have expreſt: And I believe if ſhe knew your true worth, ſhe would change her animoſity into affection, whereby you might gather the roſes of friendſhip in the ſame plot, that produced you the thornes of hatred. But that which forceth me to ſhed theſe teares, is the Sorrow that oppreſſeth me to ſee ſo generous and ſpotleſſe a life expoſed to ſo many deaths, and to ſuch a Continued ſucceſſion

ceſſion of tragicall adventures. Would to God that I were able with the effuſion of my blood to ſecure you from theſe troubles, or worthy to receive ſo much honour from you as to goe a ſharer with you in your dangers, for I ſhall never eſteeme my life better employed then when it is expos'd to doe you ſervice. Theſe complements iſſued ſo gracefully out of that ſweet mouth, that *Laurean* melting with ſuch enchanting language, had much adoe to refraine from teares, and expreſſe himſelfe in termes ſuitable to his paſſion.

It chanc'd at that ſame time that *Laurean* was viſited in his houſe by a kinſwoman (whoſe name was *Octaviane*) daughter to one of *Policeſte*'s Siſters, and whoſe Father had beene engaged in the long quarrell betwixt *Silvin* and *Policeſte*, whoſe cauſe (for the mothers ſake) he ſtrove to maintaine and juſtifie. This Lady hearing of

of her kinſman's ſad condition, being every day in danger of his life through the provocations of *Cliones* Champions, ful of a Courage not ordinary in her Sex, and animated with a ſtrange *Rodomontado* like diſpoſition, came purpoſely to break to him the deſigne ſhe had to challenge *Clione* to fight with her, and ſo with each of them a dagger to revenge upon one another their Father's Deaths. An heroick reſolution for a maide, had not deſpaire beene the principall motive to it. *Laurean* received her with the greateſt teſtimonies of reſpect, friendſhip and Courteſie, that could be ſhewed to ſo neere a kinſwoman, and ſo gallant a Lady. But when ſhe diſcovered her deſigne (although he admired her *Amazonian* Courage) he could not hold from laughing to ſee how vehement the deſire of revenge was in a Sex of ſo much imbecility, like fire that flames with ſo much violence when it

it meets with any light and combuſtible materiall. Thence he took occaſion to excuſe within himſelf *Clione's* fury, who uſed all means poſſible to be reveng'd of him by her Lovers; ſince *Octaviane* would expoſe her owne life to ſo extream, and almoſt inevitable danger to ſeek ſatisfaction for her Father's death. Oh could he have penetrated the ſecret of darkneſſe, and diſcovered *Florents* diſguiſe, he would eaſily have perceived that *Clione's* ſpirit was enrag'd with no leſſe fury againſt *Octaviane*! He abſolutely diſapproves of his kinſwoman's propoſition, telling her it was not onely a furious raſh enterpriſe, and contrary to all reaſon, but impoſſible to be effected; and that comming to the knowledge of the world, it would make her the Table-talk of all *France*.

Octaviane much diſtaſted would not bate one Ace however of her reſolution; and what ſhe had communi-

cated to him in private, ſhe ſpared not to ſpeak openly, and in *Florent's* owne hearing (whom ſhe did not take to be *Clione*) which ſtruck this diſguiſed Damſell ſo to the heart, that her Face became like a Rain-bow for diverſity of Colours; and you may well think her ſpirit was agitated with no leſſe diverſity of thoughts. Her heart working like the troubled Sea, one while ſhe reſolved to accept *Octaviane's* defiance, and engage, that *Clione* ſhould meet her; then the fear of diſcovering her ſelf enforc'd her to bridle that impetuoſity. But that which ſtretch'd the pin of *Florent's* patience to the uttermoſt, was, to hear *Octaviane* in a Raunting manner ſay, *I have no leſſe Noble blood in me, nor am I inferiour in Eſtate to that inexorable murthereſſe; and if my Lovers flatter me not, nor my owne Glaſſe deceive me, I think Nature hath been no leſſe favourable to me than her: I have*

Suitours

Suitours as well as ſhe, who all make me the higheſt proteſtations that may be. Were I as cruelly minded as that barbarous Imp; or had I as little pity upon thoſe that make Love to me, I could impoſe the ſame Law upon them, and enjoyne them to fight with thoſe that ſhe employes to revenge her Father's death upon a man that's no way guilty of it. But rather than to be the cauſe of ſo much Blood-ſhed, I will Encounter her my ſelfe with a Poniard, and make a paſſage with my Blade for that Black Soule to ſally out of her cankered Breſt. Here *Florent* was fain to ſuppreſſe his Choller with both hands, and ſtrive to keep himſelfe within the bounds of modeſty; partly out of reſpect of his owne Honour, and partly out of hope to Chaſtiſe, by effects, the inſolency of thoſe outragious words. And indeed, within a very little time, fortune gave him fit opportunity to accompliſh that

deſire; for *Octaviane* having heard him ſinge and joyne his voyce to the raviſhing accords of his Lute and *Nartalls* Virginalls, ſhe was ſo enchanted with that delicate voyce iſſuing from a face all of flowers, a mouth of pearle and Corall, and a breath of amber, in an inſtant ſhe loſt the knowledge of her ſelfe, and giving way to this new flame, ſhe became all ice to her old Servants.

Florent not ignorant of the paſſions that her Sex was ſubject to, ſuddainly perceived by *Octaviane*'s lookes, ſighes, and carriage, that the glances of his beautifull eyes had made no ordinary impreſſion in her heart; deſirous to make this love an inſtrument of the hatred he bare her, for her invective language againſt *Clione*, he adds fewell to this new fire by fained demonſtrations of a reciprocal affection, and augments with high hopes of fruition the deſires of this imprudent Damſell,

Damſell, like Faulconers and Fiſhermen, that never preſent their baits to the unwary birds or fiſhes, but to take them and deprive them both of life and liberty. You may imagine whether *Octaviane* bit greedily at that baite, Nature enclining us to believe eaſily what we deſire. It is not my intent to deſcribe the particulars of this affection, no leſſe ſincere and ardent on *Octaviane*'s part, then cunningly diſſembled by *Florent*. In meane time doe not you admire the ſeverall parts which Love doth act in humane breſts, and are you not amaz'd at theſe ſtrange intricacies? Seeing at once two Enemies infinitely enamour'd of each other, and two Lovers mortall Enemies: And each of the three principall Actours in this ſcene, (*Clione*, *Laurean* and *Octaviane*) were in love with what they hated, and hated what they lov'd. Who would not ſay that all this were inchantment, were it not

apparent that *Florent's* attractive beauty and disguise were the origine and cause of these charmes. Meane time while the Spirits of these three Lovers are thus incumbred and involv'd in this Labyrinth of confusions, arrives a new subject of disorder, which will produce many different effects of passion.

Montdor a young Gentleman of the County *Venaissin*, having listed himselfe amongst the Suitours of our *Penelope* (I meane *Clione*) in her absence makes his addresses to *Fructule* her Uncle and gardian, demanding his consent. He (knowing to what *Fortunate* dying had ingag'd his Neece, and the resolution she had taken to performe her Mother's injunction, which was to admit of no man to be her husband, but him that should bring her *Laurean's* head conceal'd not this condition from him, assuring him withall that he would deliver *Clione* into his hands,

hands, if he could but effect it. Love and the desire he had to advance himselfe (two powerfull goades to an ambitious youth) soone made *Montdor* accept the tearmes, although he knew the injustice of the cause, and the sad successe of divers that had preceded him. To this effect furnished with very good Armes, and an excellent Horse, he comes to a Village within three leagues of *Laurean*'s house, whence he sends a Challenge inclosed in a packet, which he pretended was sent from Court. *Laurean* who was acquainted with such kinde of messages, read it without ever changing his Countenance, or giving the least suspicion of the Contents, resolving with himselfe to give the same satisfaction to this new Combatant as he had to the rest, onely he was to beware lest under pretence of a single Duell, there might be some treachery intended, and so he might basely be deprived of

that life, which he had expos'd with ſuch unparallel'd gallantry. However he could not carry his buſineſſe ſo ſecretly, but his deſigne was diſcover'd by the preparation of his Horſe and Armes : It was preſently nois'd through the whole Caſtle, and came to *Octaviane*'s, *Florent*'s and *Nartal*'s eares. What diverſity of thoughts (thinke you) were *Laurean*'s and his Ladies minds then poſſeſſed with ? his onely care was to preſerve his honour and his life, and make his Enemy, feeling the ſharpneſſe of his Sword, repent too late the temerity of his reſolution. *Florent* and *Nartal* Studied nothing ſo much, as by what meanes they might divert or compoſe this quarrell, *Octaviane* employed all her Rhetorick, but in vaine, to diſſwade her kinſman from anſwering the challenge : For (beſides that he was of himſelfe too magnanimous to refuſe that party by a Womans perſwaſions

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onely) hee ſtop't her mouth with her owne reaſons, repreſenting to her the deſperate deſigne ſhe was ſo inflexibly bent upon to fight her ſelfe with *Cli-one*, And the offer ſhe made him of employing one of her Lovers to chaſtiſe the raſhneſſe of his Challenger, he rejected as a propoſition highly injurious to his Valour and reputation.

Here *Florent* took her at her word, to whom ſhe had rendred many teſtimonies of affection, not onely by her actions and demeanure, but alſo by her owne confeſſion, (although accompanied with a baſhfullneſſe that becomes modeſt and chaſte Virgins.) *Florent* would not let ſlip this opportunity, but made it ſerve as a ſpecious pretence to cover the deſigne he had already fram'd, either to fight himſelfe with *Montdor* in *Laurean*'s ſtead, or at leaſt to be his ſecond againſt him. But *Laurean* taking theſe offers

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as affronts, and as diſadvantageous to his honour, impoſing ſilence to his kinſwoman, entreated *Florent* to excuſe him if he could not commit ſo baſe an action as to ſuffer him to goe in his place, ſince 'twas a thing contrary to all the Lawes of Honour and of Armes; neither could he accept of him for his Second, ſince *Montdor's* Ticket mentioned that he would fight ſingle, being unwilling to engage any other in that Duell. *At leaſt then* (replyed *Florent*) *you ſhall permit me to goe before, and view the place he aſſignes you, neer the Village where he expects your Anſwer, that there may be as little Treachery on his part, as there is much generoſity on yours.* *Laurean* ſuſpecting, and conjecturing aright the wile of this Cavalier, who deſired that Commiſſion for no other end, but to quarrell with *Montdor*, and prevent their Combate, would by no meanes be per-

perſwaded to conſent to that employment. But not to diſcontent him altogether, he ſuffered, with much entreaties, *Nartal* to performe that Office, gueſſing, by his deportment, that he was not a man fit to conteſt with *Montdor*, who had the repute of the moſt expert and compleat Horſeman of that County. *Florent* was enforced to be ſatisfied with that, ſince no more could be obtained: Whereupon he diſpatch'd a Letter by *Nartal* to *Montdor*, wherein he forbade him expreſſely under pain of his perpetuall diſ-favour to fight with *Laurean*, for reaſons which he ſhould know at their firſt meeting: This he wrote with his owne hand, and ſubcribed *Clione*.

Nartal with this Letter, and other private inſtructions from *Clione*, takes his way towards *Montdor*, where being arrived, he delivers the Letter, the Contents whereof diſtracted *Montdor's*

dor's mind with a thouſand confuſed imaginations: for knowing very well the hand, and bearing a reſpectfull awe to the abſolute Command of that ſevere Miſtreſſe, who had no leſſe authority to make her Lovers fear her, than Beauty to attract their Loves. Love ſolicites hard for Obedience to that Command; repreſenting often to him *Clione's* threats to deprive him of that which he ſought for in that Duell with perill of his owne life, ſince he had no other occaſion to be *Laurean's* enemy. But to revoke the Challenge he had ſent, he thought that would make too great a breach in his reputation; and that expoſing himſelf to the blame of Cowardiſe, would ſtaine him with perpetuall infamy: At laſt he concludes in favour of his Honour, and to the prejudice of his Love; chooſing rather to be deprived of *Clione*, than of that glory which ſuch magnanimous Spirits aſpire

aſpire by vertue of their Armes. So to be rid of *Nartal's* importunity (who preſſed him extreamly to acquieſſe at *Clione's* entreaty) he fained to believe that the Letter *Nartal* had delivered him (though he knew it to be of *Clione's* own penning) was counterfeited by ſome other, but would by no meanes tax *Laurean* with it, leſt that might give occaſion of deferring the Enterprize which he then was too deeply engag'd in to repeale with Honour. Hereupon *Nartal* pray'd him to obſerve well his Phyſiognomy; ſeeming to wonder that a mans Habit, and a Hat cover'd with plumes, ſhould make him ſo much miſ-kenne that *Melicerte* whom he had ſo often ſeene attending on *Clione*; aſſuring him by many particulars, that 'twas none but ſhe; and that her Miſtreſſe had put her into that diſguiſe, having no body elſe about her that ſhe could entruſt with a Meſſage of ſuch conſequence.

Montdor

Montdor at this was seiz'd with such astonishment, that for a good while his tongue could not performe it's office; at length recovering his speech, he ask'd her diverse questions concerning her Mistresse, wherein she satisfied him with as many quaint, and cunningly fram'd inventions; never confessing that *Clione*, under the name of *Florent*, was in *Laurean's* house. But neither her entreaties, conjurations, nor threats, could in the least divert *Montdor* from the resolution he had taken to maintaine the Challenge he had sent to *Laurean*, deeming himself unworthy ever to wear a Sword, if he should be guilty of an act that resented of such notorious and eminent baseneſſe.

So that *Nartal* returning gave *Laurean* an exact account of the place appointed for the Combate, and that he perceived *Montdor* to be free from any base treachery; But *Florent* was in

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the greateſt perplexity imaginable to heare that his perſwaſions, nor Commands, could not availe any thing with *Montdor*, nor divert his obſtinate reſolution to fight with *Laurean*, ſo making neceſſity a vertue, he ſwallowed that bitter pill, leaving th'event to fortune, ſince there was no remedy nor meanes to hinder nor defer that Duell. *Laurean* us'd all entreaties poſſible to perſwade *Florent* to ſtay with *Octaviane*, (but all in vaine) for he would needs beare him Company, and be at leaſt a ſpectatour of the Combate, hoping at laſt to apply that remedy which he more fear'd then deſired.

The two Combatants being come into the field, mounted upon goodly Steeds, and armed each with Sword and Piſtoll, at the firſt encounter *Montdor* did no execution, *Laurean* dexterouſly ſlipping aide: But he not loſing the opportunity ſhot *Montdor* through

through the right arme, and making his Piſtoll fall immediately, he pu him out of his fighting poſture: Ther preſently drawing his Sword he gain'd the crupper of him, and had run him through the body, if *Montdor*'s horſe by a fortunate ſtumble had not caſt his rider. *Laurean* however ſcorning to make uſe of this advantage, leap't from his horſe, and comming to him (that was neither able to draw his Sword, nor riſe, being much bruiſed with the fall) bid him aske his life, and deliver him his Sword. *I cannot deliver the Sword which I cannot draw* (*reply'd* Montdor) *and which I never would deliver to any man if I were in a capacity to uſe it, much leſſe will I begge my life of you, which I had rather loſe a thouſand times then make ſo foul a breach in my Honour. Fortune may make me miſerable, but never baſe; I am now in your power, you may deale with me as you pleaſe, and make what uſe of your victo-*

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ry you liſt. This high ſpirit which ſo imminent danger could notintimidate, and which look'd ſo undauntedly upon ſo preſent and preſſing a death, took infinitely with *Laurean,* who unwilling to ſoile the glory of his triumph with inſolency, anſwered, *You are much worthier of life, than if you had demanded it; and I will aſſure you, that for your Generoſity and Courage, you ſhall ever hereafter find me your Servant, not an Enemy; and I'le acknowledge that it was my good Fortune, not my Valour that hath given me this advantage over a man whoſe courage I finde invincible.* Hereupon *Montdor* replyed, *Now I acknowledge my ſelfe conquered ſince your Courteſie doth preſerve what your Sword might juſtly have taken away: But if God permit me to recover of theſe hurts, I will not die ungratefull for this favour.* Hearing this, *Laurean* flung away his Sword; and having lifted him up, with the

help of his Servants, he carried him back to the Village, lodged him in a friends houſe, and ſent preſently for a Surgeon to dreſſe his Wounds, offering him his owne Caſtle at Command aſſoone as he ſhould feel himſelf able to go thither.

Florent and *Nartal* that ſtayed a loof off to watch the ſucceſſe of this Combate, with ſuch anxieties and feares, as you may imagine, perplex a tender Lovers heart in like occurrences, ſeeing this incomparable Valour joyn'd with ſo rare a Courteſie, quite raviſh'd with ſuch Heroick Vertues, rode preſently back to *Laurean's* Caſtle, under pretence to carry *Octaviane* the newes of her Coſins Victory, who remained Maſter of the Field without any hurt. Mean time, whileſt they joyfully celebrate this Tryumph; and that *Octaviane* (deceiv'd with *Florent's* out-ſide) feedes her eyes with that pleaſing object, and her eares with

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his accuſtomary Courtſhips: *Laurean* ſtayes with *Montdor*, ſhewing him as much reſpect, and friendly Offices as if he had been the moſt intimate and deareſt Friend in the world, which ſo tranſported *Montdor*, that he almoſt forgot his paine. The ſhot being in his Shoulder, was not ſo dangerous as troubleſome, being likely to be long a Curing; but he was ſo bruiſed with the fall, that there was more fear of him for that, than for the Wound he had received.

One day *Montdor* lying in his Bed, and *Laurean* ſitting by him, (whoſe Civility and Gallantry he could never ſatisfie himſelfe with extolling) they fell upon the diſcourſe of the ſubject of their quarrell. *Montdor* confeſſed that he was juſtly puniſh'd for his temerity, having obſtinately tranſgreſſed the expreſſe Commands of *Clione* in fighting with him. *How?* ſaid *Laurean, I thought ſhe had enjoyned you to*

it. Not ſhe (replyed Montdor) *but her Uncle told me that I could never hope upon any other tearms to enjoy his Neece, who at preſent is gone to certaine waters neere the* Pyrenean *mountains, for the recovery of her health, which of late hath beene ſomewhat impaired:* With that he ſhew'd *Laurean* the Letter ſhe had ſent him, and told him the particular meſſage he had receiv'd from her, by a Gentlewoman diſguis'd in mans apparrell. *Laurean* could not imagine what might be her meaning to forbid *Montdor* that whereto ſhe had engag'd ſo many others formerly, unleſſe that bearing him more affection then the reſt, ſhe would not expoſe him to ſo great danger.

After ſome daies time *Laurean* tooke leave of *Montdor*, promiſing to ſee him often, and to bring with him two *Languedochian* youths that had beene ſome time at his houſe; and which, amongſt other perfections, were rarely

Skill'd

Skill'd in muſick. Being come backe to his Caſtle, he made a full relation to his kinſwoman, and his two gueſts, of all the paſſages betwixt him and *Montdor*, and what he had told him of *Clione*'s Letter, and of the Gentlewoman Cavalier that brought it him. At theſe words *Nartal* and *Florent* were almoſt out of Countenance, imagining that they were diſcovered.

If *Laurean* had taken notice of the comming and going of the Colours in their faces, he might eaſily have gueſt at their inward diſturbances, (but how ſhould the mind imagine what the eyes doe not obſerve?) So theſe alterations paſſing without his reflecting on them, built a confidence in the two diſguiſed Damſells, that they were not yet knowne to be what effectually they were. But when *Laurean* pray'd them to beare him company the firſt time, he went to Viſite *Montdor* againe (as he had promiſed

they ſhould) they then believed abſ
lutely that this was only a wile to dra
them in, and that without doubt the
plot had been diſcovered. Therefo
Florent could never be at quiet, till
had found a handſome excuſe to
gone away, having no deſire to appe
before *Montdor* in that habit. So fainin
to have received newes from an Unc
of his that was deſperately Sick
(whoſe eſtate after his deceaſe he w
to inherit) he acquaints *Laurean* wi
it, and deſires his permiſſion, wh
charm'd with his winning carriag
and Converſation could not reſol
to part with him.

What an Alarum did this new
give to poor *Octaviane*'s heart? wh
plac'd all her felicity in the preſen
and company oft her beloved *Floren*
whom ſhe had engag'd her ſelfe
marry. How oft did ſhe upbraid hi
with inconſtancy and ſlight affectio
but with reproaches of ſo amoro

a Choller, that one fire augmented the other, and made a more full diſcovery of the exceſſe of paſſion. *Florent* (rejoycing at her paine, and to continue her in this agreeable errour) made a thouſand proteſtations of fidelity and ſervice, as if he had beene capable of accepting the offer ſhe had made him to marry him, he added many Vowes and deſperate Oaths, to anſwer her love with a reciprocall and moſt inviolable affection, beſeeching her not to be a hindrance to his fortune, but give him reſpit onely for ſome few daies, that he might goe gather the fruit of the Inheritance that fell to him by his Uncle's death. *Octaviane* deceived with his faire language, and holding the mouth ſhe ſo dearely loved as an oracle of infallible verity, conſented at laſt to this ſeparation, but with ſuch dolorous reſentments as caſt her into a Swound, an evident ſigne how neere it touched her

to be deprived of ſo beloved a pre-
ſence.

Being come againe to her ſelfe, by
the application of ſeverall remedies
her dolefull and amorous complaints
bred ſome pitty in *Florents* heart, not-
withſtanding the occaſion he had to
hate her. At laſt, ſeeing no remedy, ſhe
was enforc't to give way to his depar-
ture, which would have much more
neerly touched *Laurean*, had he known
that *Clione* was hidden under *Florent's*
cloathes. However, it troubled him
very much to part with him, yet he
was ſomewhat conſolated with the
hope he had that *Florent* would per-
forme his promiſe, which was, ſhortly
to returne and ſtay longer with him.

But then grew another conteſt abou
Nartal's going, for *Laurean* was very
urgent to detaine him, imagining al
pleaſure and contentment would pre-
ſently fly from his heart if his eare
were depriv'd both of his and *Florent*
enchan

enchanting Harmony : *Nartal* is as earneſt to accompany his coſin, (for ſo he ſtiled *Florent*) and *Florent* could not be perſwaded to leave him as a pledge. *Laurean* promiſed to furniſh *Florent* with as many attendants to convoy him ſafe home, as he would deſire, and to wait upon him himſelfe. *Florent* was incumbred with ſo many extraordinary Civilities, that he knew not which way to ſhape an anſwer. Indeed it is more difficult to come fairly off in a Combate of Complements and Courteſie (although there be no bloodſhed) thē vulgar ſpirits can imagine. But in the end he found this expedient to ſatisfie all parties, promiſing to ſend back *Nartal* as ſoone as he ſhould arrive at *Bezieres* (which *Florent* fain'd to be his Native ſoile) to bring *Octaviane* and *Laurean* newes of his proceedings, and ſtay with them as an hoſtage till he return'd himſelfe.

Thus parting they carry with them (but

(but in a different manner) the hearts both of *Laurean* and his kinſwoman. In what a cloude of diſcontent remain'd the deſolate *Octaviane*, being depriv'd of an object that was the light and delight of her eyes, I give you leave to imagine. *Laurean* to divert his melancholy, went againe to ſpend ſome time with *Montdor*, who began to recover of his hurts.

Meane while the time of *Nartal's* comming backe expires, and *Octaviane* dying with impatience to heare from *Florent*, thinks every day an age till ſhe ſees him. This impatience puts her in deſpaire, and being not able to ſtay any longer in her kinſmans houſe, ſhe tooke a ſodaine reſolution to retire to her owne, purpoſely to diſpoſe her ſelfe for the execution of a folly, which cannot be excus'd, but in attributing it to the Violence of a paſſion which Reaſon could not moderate. So faining her ſelfe very ſick,

ſhe

ſhe repaires homewards, where being arriv'd and fittted with mans apparrell, a horſe and one footman, ſhe takes her Journy to *Bezieres* in hopes to find *Florent* there, but 'twas in vaine, no body there could tell any newes of him, for the houſe where *Clione* had retird her ſelfe, was in another part of *Languedoc* not far from *Niſmes*. What troubles was *Octaviane*'s minde perplext with, ſeeing her ſelfe deceived? how did not ſhe exclaime againſt *Florent?* whoſe trace ſhe could no more finde out then that of *Fantomes*, which vaniſh as ſoone as they appeare: Yet this pleaſing illuſion which had ſo ſweetly carryed away her ſenſes, and diſtill'd a delicious Venime through the eyes into her heart, made her reſent a thouſand ſeverall diſtractions. How ſhall ſhe finde out him that ſhe knowes not where to ſeeke, and who is no more the ſame he ſeem'd to be? for *Clione* having re-aſſum'd her own name and habit,

habit, left nothing of *Florent* but the bare Idea. Nevertheleſſe ſhe being no leſſe taken with *Laurean*'s perfections, then *Octaviane* was with hers, fail'd not to ſend back *Nartal* in the ſame diſguiſe with a Letter to *Laurean*, which contein'd nothing but Complements, onely in the Cloſe ſhe entreated him to give full credit to what the bearer thereof ſhould tell him in her behalfe.

How did the blood riſe in *Nartals* face when he was fain to take off the maske of their diſſimulation, to make *Laurean* ſee the Viſage of the truth? Heavens! how *Laurean* ſtood amaz'd at the recitall of this Hiſtory, which ſeemes more like a fable or Romance then verity, yet I have it from an Authentick Author, that averreth it to be very true.

I will not ſtand to recount the particulars of this diſcovery, having already much gone beyond the limits of

of brevity which I had preſcrib'd my ſelfe in this worke: I will onely tell you that the Scales fell from *Laurean*'s eyes, when *Nartal* ſhewed him what remarkable tumours were in his breſt, not ordinary to be found in men's: So comparing one thing with another, and calling to minde the many pleaſing deceipts which had deluded his ſenſes in *Florent*'s preſence, he made no further queſtion of what *Nartal* told him. I will omit the divers Imaginations that then poſſeſt his braine, without making reflection upon the wrongs *Clione* had done him, (whoſe perſon he never hated, but the pretenſions wherewith ſhe diſturb'd his repoſe) her beauty and good parts repreſented themſelves to his fancy in a more advantageous forme, then if ſhe had beene preſent, and adding moreover this unexpected change, that had transform'd her from a Tyger to a Dove, and from a mortall Enemy, into

into a paſſionate Lover, he thought one heart too little to reciprocate ſo entire an affection. In a word he was more ready to anſwer *Clione*'s flame, then fire is to catch at any bituminous matter.

Upon *Nartal*'s word without any diffidence he goes alone with him, taking no attendant but one Lakey, and in ſhort time he arrives at *Clione*'s houſe. Theſe two Souls felt themſelves at the ſame inſtant kindled with a flame ſo equall in it's extremity, that it had beene hard to judge which had the better in that amorous Warre. Ti's nothing to ſay they were perfectly reconcil'd to one another: I muſt ſay, they ty'd themſelves ſo ſtrictly with deepe Oathes and promiſes of marriage, that nothing but Death could ever diſſolve that band.

Theſe words and this faith being given and received in preſence of a Prieſt, they paſt to the Conſumma-

tion

tion of that which Lovers ſo ardently deſire, being both ſo fully ſatisfied, that their life was but a continued raviſhment of delight. But prickles ſtill accompany Loves roſes, and fire cannot be without ſome ſmoak. *Laurean*'s being at *Clione*'s houſe was ſoone nois'd all the Country over, and ſhe, like the Queene of *Carthage*, cares not to hide their amorous ſtealths, ſince all was cover'd with the Cloake of Matrimony.

Fame that hath no leſſe tongues then wings, ſoone carries this report to her Uncle *Fructule*, which Stunn'd him as if he had been blaſted with lightning, or rather thunderſtriken. It ſeemes to him a Paradox, eſteeming that as impoſſible a thing as to joyne fire and water. A ſecond report which cõmonly is truer then the firſt, aſſured him that what he feared was but too certaine. Upon this he fall's into a rage, exclaimes, ſtormes and threatens both

both his Neece, and *Laurean*, wit
more thunder then th'Heavens hereto
fore darted againſt the Rebelliou
Gyants. All the other friends of bot
the Families bleſſe God for this hap
py alliance, which promiſing an aſſu
red peace betwixt them would ſto
the effuſion of ſo much blood, an
hinder any further quarrells. Onel
Fructule animated with a deſperat
rage, and fury, reſolves to put all in di
order.

Whilſt he thus fret's and fume'
with madneſſe, ſtudying the accom
pliſhment of ſome premeditated re
venge againſt them, let us confide
th'amazement poore *Octaviane* was in
being already return'd from her Knigh
Errantry, when ſhe heard that her Co
ſin was marry'd to his faire Adverſa
ry, and that this ſweet Enemy was th
ſame *Florent* whoſe Idea was ſ
deeply engraven in her heart. Hov
ſtrange the Hiſtory of this transfigu
ratio

ration ſeeme's to her? for better ſatisfaction ſhe goes to give *Laurean* a Viſite, (who was ſo overcome with the affection of his loving Enemy; that he could not abſent himſelfe one moment out of her ſight) and if her owne eyes had not beene witneſſes of all theſe paſſages (that had beene related to her, beſides the aſſurance *Laurean* gave her of them by Letters) ſhe could nere have believed them.

Cur'd both of her love and hatred, immediately ſhe embraceth, as her chiefe friend and kinſwoman, her in whoſe breſt not many daies before ſhe would have ſtuck her poniard. Oh Love! it's thou that tameſt the ſavage beaſts, and makeſt tractable the moſt fierce Lyons and Tygers, what force is able to withſtand thy powerfull ſweetneſſe! Meane while that *Laurean*, wholly taken up with the delights of his new ſpouſe, ſeeme's to have forgotten both himſelfe and his

Family, *Montdor* recover's his perfect health, and hearing the good ſucceſſe twixt *Laurean* and *Clione*, he rejoyc'd exceedingly that he was prevented in the deſigne, wherein he had intended to employ all his power and intereſt, for the reconciliation of thoſe two Families devided by ſo many ſtreames of blood. He was ſo farre from being troubled with jealouſie, ſeeing in *Laurean*'s Armes her who was cauſe of that Duell: that quite contrary he look't upon him as the preſerver of his life, as the mirrour of Courteſie and valour, and as one for whom he would have reſign'd a Scepter to have plac't him in a throne. He went to wait upon this new married Couple, to congratulate their felicity, and aſſure them that there was nothing in the world to which his Soule ſo much aſpir'd as to doe them Service.

There he found *Octaviane*, who diſabus'd of her errour, was a blanke, free

free from all love and Paſſion: *Montdor* being throughly heal'd as well of the wounds which *Laurean* had made in his body, as alſo of thoſe which *Clione*'s beauty had made in his Soule, felt a private inclination to render himſelfe to *Octaviane*'s ſweetly attractive graces: And ſhe conſidering the comelineſſe of this Gentleman, (who was one of the richeſt and ſtouteſt Cavaliers of the County of *Avignon*) had no leſſe diſpoſition to affect him.

This was the firſt foundation of their reciprocall liking, which continuance of time increas'd through *Montdor*'s faithfull ſervice and profeſſions of reall affection, untill at laſt it was conſummated by that honorable Bond which makes of two bodies one fleſh. Now he bearing a great hand with *Fructule*, at whoſe inſtance he had engag'd himſelfe in that unadviſed Duell againſt *Laurean*, tooke

upon him to appeaſe his anger, and procure his approvement of *Clione*'s Marryage, which he ſeem'd to be ſo diſcontented and enraged at. In this confidence he went to him, but having reck'ned without his hoſt, no wonder if he found his expectation fruſtrated. *Fructule* gives him very ill language, and had like to have fallen foul on him. This was an ill beginning, yet he deſiſted not, but ſuffering all the injurious treatments th'others furie tranſported him to, he endeavoured to winne him with the faireſt and moſt plauſible language he could invent; Yet this wrought nothing upon him, the Ulcers of his minde being like thoſe of the body, which Hony doth more inflame, contrary to the holy text which ſaith, *good words Molifie anger.* Thence *Montdor* went to viſite *Clione*'s other kindred, and by perſwaſions prevailed ſo farre with them that they all ſeem'd very joyfull of that alliance,

alliance, as an extraordinary effect of the Divine Providence which onely was able to procure that recconciliation. But all their consents were of no great importance, the chiefe was wanting, that was, *Fructule's*, (he being Guardian & administratour of *Clione* his niece and ward's whole estate,) and to obtaine that seemed impossible.

He talk't of nothing but challenging *Laurean* himselfe, which *Laurean* might wave with two very lawfull excuses, for one he might alledge his late Marryage which made *Fructule* his Unkle, th'other that having once before worsted him in the Field, he was not oblig'd the second time to fight against him. *Fructule* fearing the latter objection, which would not have redounded to his honour, bethought him of some other meanes how to make *Laurean* away. To this effect he corrupts with money a Cooke, that

formerly had ſerv'd him, Commanding to try how he might get into *Laurean*'s ſervice and poyſon him. This baſe fellow pretending that *Fructule* had miſus'd him, came to proffer his Service to *Laurean*, who entertained him at *Clione*'s entreaty, ſhe having known him at her Unkie's houſe, aſſur'd him of his fidelity, in which ſhe was much miſtaken. Thus ſhe contributed to her owne miſchiefe, in receiving within her husbands Caſtle (whither he had carried her) this threacherous Trojan horſe. Had not *Montdor* given him warning to take heed of that Cooke, queſtionleſſe the Villaine had executed his baſe deſigne. Upon this advertiſement *Laurean* apprehended him, and partly by entreaties, partly by promiſes, and partly by threatnings, he made him confeſſe the truth, and ſhew him the poyſon he was to mingle in his meat. Obſerve the extreame Courteſie of this Gentleman,

tleman, who ſent him back to *Fructule*, not ſuffering the leaſt harme to be done him, to the end that he might inflict ſuch puniſhment upon him as he ſhould thinke fit himſelfe for ſo unworthy a fact, deſiring him not to uſe any waies to deprive him of his life, ſo ignoble and ſo misbecomming a Gentleman of his birth and honour. *Fructule* ſorry that his powder had not taken fire, nor his treachery ſucceeded to his minde, and aſham'd to owne ſo diſhonourable a deſigne, diſclaim'd his Cooke, ſwearing that he was ignorant of that diſloyalty, and that it was a good while ſince he had turn'd him away. But not imagining how *Laurean* ſhould be acquainted with this plot, out of Suſpicion he manumitted divers of his domeſticks, who blazed all abroad the truth of the buſineſſe to his great infamy, yet this malicious Soule was not ſo Satisfied, ſeeing every body

cry'd ſhame on him for his treachery and hard-hartedneſſe, and that he unjuſtly withheld his Ward from her eſtate, becauſe ſhe was marryed without his conſent to his and her Enemy: He chang'd his note, and faining to be better pleas'd, and to deſire a faire reconciliation (juſt as the cunning Fowlers uſe their calls to entrap the innocent birds) *Clione* and *Laurean* who deſired nothing more then to accompliſh their felicity, greedily hearkned to the propoſitions that were made by ſome perſons whom *Fructule* had deceived, and who uſed as much ſincerity and Candour in the mediation as he had baſeneſſe and diſſimulation in his propoſalls.

He pretends that his greateſt deſire was to ſee his Neece, that he could not foregoe his owne blood, that he pardon'd her with all his heart, and that he believed if he could but ſer her at his Houſe, and learne of her ſelfe what moved

moved her to marry *Laurean*, perhaps he ſhould be ſatisfied with her reaſons, reſtore her to her Eſtate, and make a handſome agreement with her Huſband. She (like an innocent Dove, or an inconſiderate Partridge) entrap's her ſelfe by caſting her ſilly harmleſſe eye upon the ſpecious luſter of this Fowlers glaſſe; having begg'd leave of her Husband to goe treate their peace with her Unkle. Although *Laurean* preſag'd that Journey would produce no good event, yet he lets his Wife goe againſt his will, conſenting to that ſeparation induced by his Friends perſwaſions, who were very earneſt with him, not to ſhew himſelfe irreconcileable, but yeild as much as in honour he could to *Fructule*'s humour, who by his marriage to *Clione* was then his Unkle. *Clione* of her good Nature miſtruſting nothing fell into the Snares her Unkle had prepared for her. At firſt

he

he treated her with more Civility then ſhe expected, but this was onely as a faire leafe to hide the Serpent in his treacherous deſigne, and a Figg wherewith (like the *Egyptian* Queene) he covered his prernicious aſpe. How deceitfull is the Spirit of man! It's a Labyrinth that's full of falſe cunning paſſages and ſubtile evaſions. A tempeſt is moſt to be fear'd when the Sea is calmeſt: All the feaſting and expreſſions of joy which *Fructule* made his Neece, were but ſo many treacherous baits to inveagle her; Apes kindneſſes, who kill their young ones with hugging them. Being entred in diſcourſe with her, by little and little he cunningly fell from conteſtation to reprehenſion, from reprehenſion to threats, thence to rayling and ſuch offenſive tearmes, as drew very tart replies from *Clione*'s mouth, then irritated with Choller and incited with a too great ſenſe of Honour; which gave

gave *Fructule* occaſion to colour his premeditated revenge under the notion of correction. Hereupon he makes her be lock't up in a Chamber, and kept as a Priſoner with all the baſe uſage that may be imagin'd, purpoſely to drive her into deſpaire. And according to the proverbe, one miſfortune never comes alone: The newes of *Clione*'s captivity was ſoone brought to *Laurean*, who then lay ſick in bed of a Feaver, that Melancholly for his deare Spouſes abſence had been the occaſion of. Heavens! how it ſtroke his heart, he is mad to riſe up, being ready to burſt with Choller and fury, he will precipitate himſelfe into a thouſand deaths, rather then ſuffer ſuch indignities to be done, to a perſon that was ſo neere and deare unto him, as one whom he affected with a more love then what he bare unto himſelfe. But this exceſſe of rage redoubles his paroxiſme, and makes his Feaver continuall,

tinuall, from that his Violent burning grew to finde no intermiſſion, ſo that he fell into ſuch extravagant ravings, as bred aſtoniſhment and pitty in all that were about him. *Clione* is alwaies in his mouth,& her Image perpetually before his eyes, ſometimes he fancies her all bloudy and deformed with blowes, ſometimes crying out to him for ſuccour, ſometimes purſued by her Unkle, he ſtruggles and keepes a Coile, he ask's for his Sword, he leaps out of his bed,& makes aſſaies beyond any ordinary mans ability, ten men can hardly hold him, they are faine to bind him with cords,amongſt all theſe Violences he neither would nor could take any remedy the Phiſicians did preſcribe him, ſo that there were hardly any hopes either of life or his recovery. This being reported to *Fructule*, he believ'd that the Heavens in that affliction ſeemed to aſſiſt him, executing his revenge upon *Laurean*, whom he ſtyled

Styled the ſeducer and raviſher of his Neece; and to augment her ſorrowes he preſently carries her the newes of her Husbands indiſpoſition, but with ſuch joyfulneſſe, that it even broake her heart. For that confirm'd her opinion that *Laurean* then was poyſoned or bewitched, for (beſides what her Uncle told her) ſhe heard ſuch ſtrange reports of the exceſſe and Violence of her Husbands ſickneſſe, that there was nothing of ill but ſhe imagin'd was befallen him: And for accompliſhment of her miſeries ſhe felt her ſelfe with Child, a condition ſo choiſe and tender, that the leaſt affliction either corporall or ſpirituall, often caſts into the grave thoſe that ſeeme the beſt diſpoſed, and of the ſtrongeſt conſtitutions.

Fructule who hated both the tree and the Fruit, and wiſh'd no leſſe deſtruction to the Mother and her Child, then he did to the Father, uſed her worſe

worſe and worſe, and ſtrove by ſeve
rall ſubtilties how he might make *Cl*
one away, and deſtroy her Child, b
a precipitated and untimely birth. Bu
God (who preſerve's the innocent
to whom all hatred and maliciou
practiſes are unpleaſing) confounde
the wicked deſignes of this incompaſ
ſionate Guardian, who (more like a ra
venous wolfe then a faithfull Shep
heard) us'd all meanes poſſible to pro
cure the deſtruction of the ſheep, whic
the Lawes both divine and Human
oblig'd him to preſerve and cheriſh
Indeed thoſe that are under the pro
tection of the Almighty, cannot b
taken out of his hand, they are (faith
the Prophet) deliver'd out of the ſnare
of the hunters, and ſheltred from al
outrages and injuries, for the Lor
doth hide them under the ſhadow o
his wings, and is as a Buckler to
them.

It had beene abſolutely impoſſible
but

but that *Clione* beaten with ſo many cruell ſtormes, had fallen into ſome deſperate ſickneſſe, which would have made a double murther in her, if God had not ſuſcitated *Montdor* to reſcue and deliver her. He was once in the minde to challenge *Fructule*, and by his death give both life and Liberty to that unfortunate Priſoner, but upon maturer conſideration, he thought it more convenient to take a Foxes then a Lyons skin, and try what might be done by wit and induſtry rather then attempt any violent Courſe. The fable of *Danae* teacheth us this Verity, that Gold will make it's paſſage through the ſtrongeſt holds. He ſpar'd for nothing that might corrupt *Clione*'s guards, procuring at length her enlargement, by the meanes of thoſe that were encharg'd to keep her. Having free'd her from this Slaverie he carries her back to *Laurean*, who at the very firſt ſight of her began to feele himſelfe

ſelfe better, he left his raving fits and the ardour of his Feaver grew more moderate, ſhewing that the Cauſe of his diſeaſe being ceas'd, the effects could no longer have their being. Within a ſhort time he recovered his health, and the lightſomeneſſe of his heart ſoone replanted freſh roſes in his cheeks. As ſoone as he felt his ſtrength perfectly come to him againe, he reſolved to employ it for the deſtruction of him who had ſo barbarouſly treated his *Clione*. But ſhe never ceas'd weeping and entreating, untill to ſatisfie her he altred his reſolution, to which he more willingly condeſcended out of fear, that (ſhe being very big with Child) that apprehenſion might caſt her into deſpaire and cauſe her to miſcarry. Nevertheleſſe though he was perſwaded to omit the uſe of his Sword, he reſolv'd to make good his Intereſt by force o'th' Pen, entring a ſuite in Law againſt *Fructule* to make him

him render accompt of his Wardſhip, and to reſtore to his Wife the eſtate he unjuſtly kep't from her. During this proceſſe which was protracted by thoſe that make it their trade and lively-hood, to foment ſuch conteſtations, *Clione* is brought to bed of a Daughter, and *Montdor* had ſo ingratiated himſelfe with *Octavjane*, that he was become her Husband, and kinſman to *Laurean*. Thus were thoſe two houſes now united in the bonds of conſanguinity, who before thirſted after nothing but the blood and deſtruction of each other.

It is a generall Maxime that Elements ſo contrary as fire, and water, can never be converted one into th'other, but to that Soveraigne power which governes and gives eſſence to all things, nothing can ſeeme difficult. Thus at the deſtruction of *Hieruſalem* that Sacred fire of the Temple which was hidden in a well, by the induſtry

of ſome Religious Prieſts, fearing leſt it ſhould be prophan'd by the Idolatrous Conquerours, was found at their returne from the Captivity of *Babylon* chang'd into thick Water, which expos'd to the hot Sunne beames reſum'd it's former colour and property of fire. I muſt confeſſe according to th'ordinary courſe of this corrupt age, it is hard to ſee ſuch effects of Love, proceed from ſuch mortall hatred, but nothing is impoſſible to God's omnipotent Providence who daily worketh miracles.

This conſideration made the Wiſe man ſay, that men muſt hate as if one day they were to Love, implying that their hatred ſhould not be irreconcileable. And another ſaith, that Enmities ought to be mortall, that is, that they ſhould take end and dye. And doubtleſſe this is the meaning of the Evangeliſt, who teacheth us, that the Sun ſhould not goe downe upon our wrath.

By

By this *Montdor* through his inceſſant endeavours had wrought all *Clione*'s other kindred to be friends with *Laurean*, & the Senſe of the Court began to let *Fructule* ſee with ſhame the unjuſtneſſe of his cauſe: But to prevent Conviction, he meditated another deſigne ſo damnable, as could not enter into the thought of any man but one given over to all wickedneſſe; which to effect he gives out that he would willingly reſtore *Clione* her Eſtate, and approve of her Marriage, provided that her Husband and ſhee, would give him an acquittance of his Gardianſhip upon ſuch accompts as he ſhould produce. *Laurean*'s Friends and *Clione* her ſelfe (who deſired no better then to be at peace upon what tearmes ſoever) adviſed him to take what he could get from ſo ill a Paymaſter, and to quit th'Adminiſtration for the time paſt, ſo that he would give them quiet poſſeſſion of his

Neece's eſtate. Friends on both ſides at laſt concluded the matter, and the Articles were ſign'd according to *Fructule*'s owne deſire.

That done they met, the Unkle embraced lovingly his Neece, and *Laurean* as his Nephew, preſſing them extreamely to goe to his Houſe, where he would feaſt them and the whole company, drowning in good cheere and wine all their former differences, and publiſh to the world an act of eternall oblivion. *Laurean*, who was of a generous free diſpoſition, promiſed to be there with his Wife, and ſome other Friends, whereof *Montdor* was now become one of the moſt intimate: Who knowing *Fructule*'s treacherous humour, endeavour'd to caſt ſome diffidence in *Laurean*'s Spirit, but could by no meanes make him ſuſceptible of it. So he reſolv'd by vertue of the powder of Gold, to ſound ſome of *Fructule*'s domeſtick Servants,

Servants, who diſcovered his damnable enterpriſe; Which was to ſet fire to certaine barrells of Powder, that he had plac'd directly under the Hall, where he intended to make this deteſtable banquet, having firſt made his owne friends goe out and ſecure themſelves, by retiring into another part of the Caſtle. A deſperate reſolution, and ſuch as could not proceed but from the ſuggeſtion of him that is a Homicide from the beginning.

Montdor preſently acquainted *Laurean* with this plot, who would hardly be perſwaded to believe it. But *Clione* that had more experience of her Unkle's baſeneſſe and malicious humour, gave credit to it, and beſought her Husband to ſend him ſome handſome excuſe, that he could not performe his promiſe at that time, without taking notice however that he knew any thing of that bloudy deſigne. But *Laurean*'s high Courage

ſuggeſted him another reſolution, the boldneſs and gallantry whereof prov'd of moſt availe to their entire reconciliation, by a meanes which in all probability was abſolutely contrary. But as it hapneth that the exceſſe of drinking (ſo much forbidden thoſe that are in Feavers) ſometimes cureth them, ſo *Laureans* free-hartedneſſe and Courage by an action full of heroick nobleneſſe in one inſtant drew away all the malignity from *Fructule*'s heart, imitating (in that) the lightning which falling upon a Serpent, takes away all his Venime without killing him.

He aſſembles his kinſmen and moſt truſty Friends (who being all well arm'd) he deſires them to accompany him to *Fructule*'s houſe, firſt informing them of the treachery *Montdor* had diſcovered. They all agreed, reſolving to goe ſo ſtrong that they would maſter that Traytour, and make him ſuffer the ſame puniſhment that

that he had prepar'd for them. But *Laurean* pray'd them to moderat their Choller, for he desir'd the conversion, not the death of his wicked Unkle: Thinking himselfe sufficiently reveng'd if he could cast the burning coales of shame and confusion in his face, by manifesting before his Friends the secret of his darke designe.

Being arrived there, *Fructule* entertained them with all kinde of demonstrations of a most sincere friendship, so expert was this man in dissembling his unworthinesse. As they were all come within the Hall that was prepared for the tragedy, he fell into a long discourse of the quarrells betwixt their two Families, reckoning up their Duells and Combats, and how much blood had beene shed upon that occasion, protesting withall how joyfull he was after so many bloody conflicts and murthers, that all those debates were so neere an end, hoping that

thence forwards they ſhould live peaceably together, having ſmothered all their former enmities in good cheere and wine; That he was more rejoyc'd to ſee them there then the beſt Friends he ever had in his life, and that he was moſt ready to reſigne them the place, and give them free poſſeſſion both of that houſe and all the eſtate that belong'd unto them.

Thus he expreſt himſelfe, not thinking that his Powder plot was diſcover'd. But t'is in vaine, ſaith the holy writ, to lay nets for birds that Soare a loft. *Laurean* knowing that all this ſmooth language tended to nothing elſe, but onely to prepare them for the Sacrifice, which he had deſtin'd to his fury. That *Fructule* might not have the leiſure to put in execution his deſigne, nor to mingle in their meates any other powders no leſſe dangerous then that he had hiden under the Hall, without any further delay, ſaid, Perchance

chance ſome others leſſe circumſpect then he or his Friends might have beene entrap't by his Syrenicall complements, but the train having been diſcovered, if they periſh'd he ſhould periſh with them himſelf, and the Friends he had invited thither alſo, (which were but very few that would be complices of ſo damnable a project:) then in the preſence of all his Friends he laid in *Fructule*'s diſh all his former baſeneſſes, and the preſent treachery he intended to execute, as things moſt unworthy of a man ſprung of ſo noble & illuſtrious a Family as his, having ſo many waies beſides to ſatisfie his revengefull mind many degrees more honorable: Shewing him to what danger he had expos'd himſelfe, through his unlawfull deſire of Vengeance, ſeeing that he then had the ſtrongeſt Pa[illegible] in the Houſe, and could, if he plea[illegible], inflict upon him the puniſhment his perfidiouſneſſe deſerved: Yet he

he entreated his friends (that came thither with him) to pardon that offence, proteſting for his owne particuler, that both that and all the former attempts he had ſo unworthily made upon his life, ſhould abſolutely be buryed in oblivion; to the end that this extraordinary goodneſſe joyn'd to the ſhame which *Fructule* ought to have reſented for ſo ignoble an action might ſomewhat induce him to repentance, and to acknowledge the preſervation of his life as an act of grace and favour from them, who had then the power to deprive him of it, and yet ſpar'd him.

However *Fructule*'s obdurate heart relented nothing at this incomparable Courteſie, the moment of his viſitation being not yet come. But rather emboldned by the danger he ſaw himſelfe then in, never offred to deny or excuſe the deſigne they took him with, quite contrary with a multitude of

of words as confuſedly pronounced as his Countenance was unſetled, he ſet himſelfe to juſtifie the fact, alleadging that he had reaſon to ſeek revenge for ſo much bloud, as *Laurean* and his friends had drawn out of the Veines of thoſe of his family, and that he could never enjoy any content or quietneſſe of minde, untill he had ſacrific'd unto his Anceſtours Ghoſts the Authour's of their Death's ; yeilding himſelſe willingly into their hands to inflict upon him the ſame torments, which he would have made them ſuffer, had they beene in his power, as he then acknowledg'd himſelfe to be in theirs.

This anſwer no leſſe deſperate then preſumptuous aſtoniſh'd the whole Company, who ſeeing the obſtinacy of his inflexible heart, began to conſult amongſt themſelves what to doe to him, how to make him feele a puniſhment ſuiteable to ſuch horrid treachery. But *Clione* who fear'd to be a

ſpouſe

ſpouſe of bloud, and *Laurean* who deſir'd his marriage ſhould have an end rather comicall then tragicall, (to ſtop the courſe of their fury in the firſt breaking out, and to hinder the bloudy effects ſuch injurious language might produce) ſhe ſodainly caſt her ſelfe in mid'ſt of her's & her Husbands friends, and embracing her Unkle's knees with an exemplary humbleneſſe, the teares trickling from her eyes, beſought and conjur'd him by all that ſhe could imagine might any way conduce to move ſo obſtinate a Courage, that he would pleaſe to pardon her diſobedience, and mitigate the malice and envy he bare her Husband. This ſhe pronounce'd ſo feelingly with ſo winning a comelineſs & ſuch dolorous accents as would have mov'd the ſavageſts of beaſts, ſo that (not to detaine you with any further ıtion) ſhe bred Compaſſion where cruelty had formerly her dominion, and

Love

Love, where hatred had ſo long rul'd as Empreſſe.

Fructule (like a lump of lead which for a while reſiſt's the Violence of the fire, but at length melts all at once) became ſo chang'd on a ſodaine, that it was enough to have made thoſe who knew him beſt ſuppoſe him Metamorphoſed. *Clione*'s teares having made their approach ſo neer as to undermine and blow up that unmalleable rock which lay invelop'd in his boſome, and no leſſe ſeated on his heart, that this ſtone diſtill'd its water through the Limbick of his eyes; But being not yet a perfect Convertite, ſome reluctancy of his converſion reverberated the ſtreame back againe to his heart, till the heart ſurcharg'd with goodneſſe and humility together, ſent the pureſt Spirits of a relenting expreſſion unto his tongue, that like an over-flowing Violl, it gave ſuch evident teſtimonies of a ſodaine Change and reall reſſent-

reſſentment, as therewith he fell upon his Neeces neck, ſtill lying at his feet, and mingling his ſighs and tears with her's, confeſs'd that her goodneſſe had overcome him, and quite eradicated all his hatred and obſtinacy; and ſince that by her meanes his life had beene preſerv'd, he would upon any occaſion employ it and all he had to doe her ſervice, conjuring her to forget what formerly had paſs'd, and reconcile him to her Husband whom he was not willing to embrace as his moſt deare Nephew, to whom thence forwards he would be ready to render with moſt ſincere affection all the devoirs of a good Uncle and faithfull friend, and endeavour to give him as many teſtimonies of hearty good will, as he had formerly deſir'd and attemped to doe him miſchiefe.

What ſatisfaction was it to all the friends of both parties to ſee this cordiall reconcileation ſo farre beyond all their

their hopes or expectation! But as we ſee the moſt delicate and beſt compoſed bodies, are ſuſceptible of the greateſt corruptions, the firmeſt friendſhips converted oft-times into the deadlieſt harreds, and the keeneſt Vineger made of the ſtrongeſt wines: So ſometimes it hapneth that an inviolable friendſhip is fram'd amongſt ſuch as have beene moſt inveterate Enemies. This is confirm'd by the remarkable example of *Fructule*, who chang'd in an inſtant (like *Polemon* in the Metamorphoſis) of a violent Enemie became ſo great a friend to *Laurean* that he could not live without him, loving him not as his Nephew, but as his owne Sonne. This good affection continued to the end of his life; which expir'd, he inveſted his Neece in the ſucceſſion of his Eſtate, induc'd thereto by his owne inclination, as well as by the obligation of Nature. Thus *Clione*'s and *Fructule*'s

R's violent and implacable hatred ended in Love and amitie; *Laurean*'s incomparable Courtesie and Valour, crowning his Memory with a never-dying fame.

FINIS.